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FIVE BOB

HOUSE IN UPROAR AS PRIME MINISTER VACATES SEAT MENZIES PULLS OUT

'My heart's not in it'

Last night chaos reigned in the Lower House when the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, who had been playing cards with the Treasurer, Mr Harold Holt and the Leader of the Opposition, Mr Arthur Calwell, made a snap decision. He retired.

He had earlier made a half-hearted move to leave the game at a stage when he was winning handsomely, having held winning hands throughout.

But a passionate appeal from Mr Holt to stay in the game to enable them to regain some face and prestige swayed the Prime Minister.

He was then in an advantageous position because throughout the evening he had held hands of kings and queens often, and had the royal flush once.

Mr Holt was losing, though not badly, having little luck with the way the cards fell, relying mainly on discards from Sir Robert.

Mr Calwell had been losing more heavily, but his plea for time to reorganise his game had little effect on the Prime Minister.

If Mr Calwell used his right hand, Sir Robert was in a position to see his cards, and if he used his left, not being very ambidextrous, he was unable to control the movements of his hand.

Because of these considerations, and mainly because Sir Robert is a good sport who doesn't like to pull out when he is winning unless the other team has been given a chance to consolidate losses, he agreed to continue.

Sources said he was easily persuaded to remain on his undisputed throne as king of the table.

AN EXCITED STIR

However, shortly after this he began making costly mistakes, and had clearly committed himself to an unprofitable line of attack.

Historians were able to go back to 1939 for a game in which Sir Robert had made a similar mistake, and found the stakes for which they were playing and the scale on which they were playing far too high, so that on that occasion he pulled out and left the game to founder as best it could.

An excited stir ran through the spectators as the analogy was passed from mouth to mouth.

People began to wonder whether Sir Robert was going to follow the same course of action, or whether he would stick to his guns and see things through.

Suddenly Sir Robert stood up and announced his decision to retire. "I am an old man and tired, and unable to play at such lengths any more," he said. "I am retiring."

DARLING COTTAGE

Mr Holt and Mr Calwell were both angered. Mr Holt found that through playing the Prime Minister's discards he had too also been committed to unprofitable commitments.

Mr Calwell still held a disorganised hand. The two would not listen to reason. They had waited a long time for his dominating influence on the game to wane, but were not pleased to have it removed in such a difficult situation.

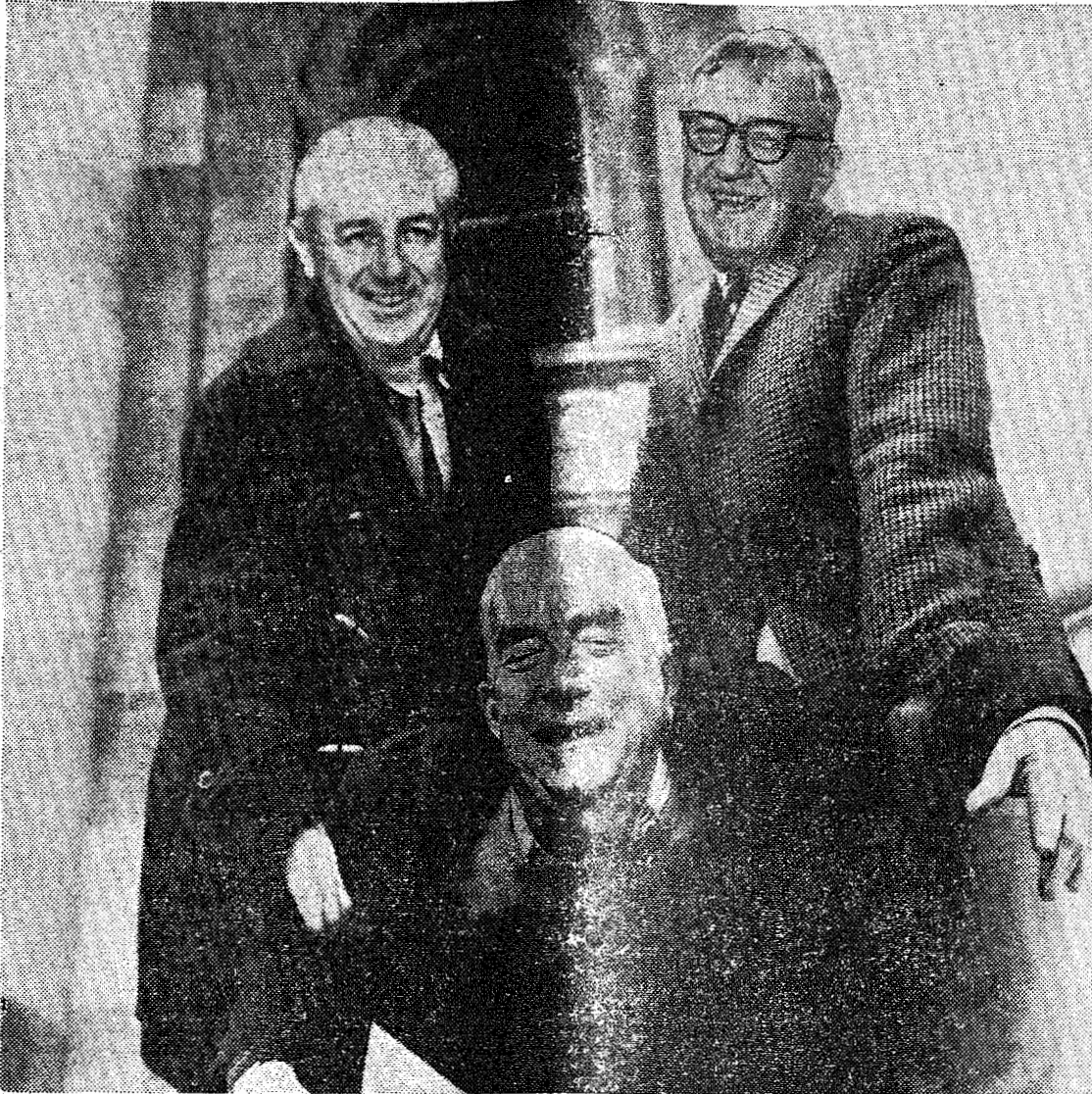
With grim faces the two of them grabbed Sir Robert, marched him firmly to the steps of Parliament House, and there threw him down on the steps while the rest of the House cheered tumultuously.

TAKING THE STRAIN

When interviewed at the bottom of the steps the Prime Minister said: "I am an old man and cannot take the strain of these strenuous games any longer."

"I have been winning for so long now that I have become a legendary figure in my own lifetime. Have I not the right to leave my good name, my legendary figure un tarnished?"

"I am an old man and sick. And Dame Pattie has found a darling little cottage in Toorak with 40 rooms, three bathrooms and 17 bars."



THE dreadful deed . . . Menzies gets the boot from Calwell and Holt.

BAN THE PILL' CALL BY IMMIGRATION CHIEF

Mr Diggerman, the Immigration Minister, called for a complete ban on the Pill and various other forms of oral contraceptives when asked to comment on the fall in Australia's birth rate in Hambera today.

Big new form in SA politics

DUNSTAN EXPOSED TO PUBLIC CRITICS

Don Dunstan has created quite a stir by appearing for work at Parliament House this morning in a rather avant-garde outfit, shirt sleeves, long socks and gooseimples.

"I don't care what my staff wear or don't wear," Mr Dunstan said. "As long as they are neat."

When asked what she thought of it, parliamentary typist, Miss E. Shepherd said "Eek!"

Leader of the Opposition, Sir Tom Playford, wearing a more conservative "in-fashion" navy blue, pinstriped, double-breasted suit with 22in cuffs, said:

"I know the Labor Government is trying to maintain power by sex appeal alone, but this is carrying it too far."

"After all the temperature today was 45 degrees."

Mr Millstone for the Opposition tried to offset the erotic response in favor of the Government by doing a hambone on the floor of the House.



Mr Dunston . . . air conditioned.

IT'S GOT 43 BEANS

Lovely young socialite Miss Hyphen-Bonython wore a charming ensemble to the ball, a charming black skirt and a necklace made of coffee beans. Over her left breast, she wore a coffee cup.

Her right breast was bare. It was clear she represented a well-known brand of coffee. When asked why she wore her right breast bare she replied, "Oh, that's the one that tastes so good."

He said it was important that Australia should be adequately populated by those of white European lineage. "There are 900 million Chinese communists up there who want to live at Alice Springs" he said.

As well, it showed he said that the fall in the labor forces and the drop in the immigration rate since he had taken over that portfolio meant that Australia had to supply the deficiency by fruitful population.

SUITABLE

To accomplish this he recommended: BANNING of the Pill and other contraceptive devices.

ENCOURAGEMENT of promiscuity amongst the youth of Australia. "There are more lonely beaches in Australia than anywhere in the world, and our temperate climate is most suitable," pointed out Mr. Diggerman.

MORE adequate sex education in our primary schools.

Man killed by lightning

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY Father Shaun O'Flaherty was out on the Irish bog with his game-keeper and a grouse took off.

The game-keeper fired. "S - - t, I missed," he said. Father O'Flaherty said "Game-keeper, such language! Oi won't be telling for ye the consequences of your actions if ye keep that up!"

MESS

Later another grouse arose from the moor. Again the game-keeper fired and missed. "S - - t, I missed" he said. The sky immediately clouded over and CRASH! a bolt of lightning shot out and killed the priest. A deep fatherly voice said "S - - t, I missed!"

DIGGERS IN HUGE MOVEMENTS Aussie soldier squeezes a blackhead on his nose

The American Ambassador to Australia, Sir Robert Menzies, has said "Australia is at war!" And to anyone in this steamy Vietnamese jungle there can be no doubting the truth of this statement.

As the distant thud of grenade blasts from the Company "Q" store lulls the weary Digger into an uneasy sleep, wiry, tough Viet Cong guerrillas are already infiltrating the Aussie lines, laying booby traps and three-penny bungers.

In this grim, undercover war we dare not relax for a minute — no place is safe from the insidious sabotage of these yellow marauders.

It has taken the Aussies some time to settle down to this kind of warfare, and in their first few weeks in this land of swamps and paddy-fields many an Australian has been caught with his pants down in the middle of a bog by a lightning Viet Cong offensive.

But never let it be said that the Australians are dropping their bundles — those of you in Australia now need can be proud of these rugged, masculine, beer-loving Aussie Diggers.

To these valiant men war is no game — war is the serious game of molen lead up for mess, correspondent from the Adelaide "News" cleans his cap pistol, and the clawing, nauseating holowness of fear gripping the pit of your stomach as you line up for mess.

It pierced his boots, leaving a half-inch gap, before coming to rest in his sock. Prompt action by Lance-Corporal 698280 of Ballarat, Victoria, resulted in the encirclement and capture of the fork without loss of life.

The Minister for the Army, Dr 1337670, promised the troops that he will personally attend to their wives back in Australia and has guaranteed American-style air-conditioned trenches before the end of the year.

For these men war is a thing to be lived with, every hour of the day and night, day in, day out, week in, week out, for these men war is something more than just another move in the political game — war to them means putrid swamps and steamy jungles, sleepless nights and lonely outposts, monsoonal rains and damp Sorbent.

But even in their short time in the South Vietnam conflict the Aussie men have made their mark, and their spirits are high.

Following the highly successful "search and destroy" mission in War Zone D the Diggers are jubilantly confident and are now planning a "hunt and kill" offensive and a "hide and seek" expedition.

War Zone D, situated between the mess hut and Battalion HQ, was regarded as being of vital tactical significance and was criss-crossed with a complex underground defence system of trenches and foxholes.

The troops fondly call it "The Latrines" and regularly revisit the scene of their first operation.

While the fighting patrols are out, inching their way through the dense jungle foliage, there are many camp duties to be done of course, especially by the sergeant-majors, who are a sort of second mother to the men in the ranks.

As kindly Sgt-Maj Fateracker said to me as he went round making the beds and dusting the trenches — "It's my job to look after these . . . bastards."

This colorful type of Australian lingo has already charmed many young Saigon lasses, who at first could communicate with the troops only by gestures and sign language.

Other highlights of this week's war:— FIRST Australian to stub his toe in South Vietnam was Private 1100032976 part 2, of Fitzroy, Victoria.

It happened in a friendly game of leapfrog in the Bien Hoa campsite and the wound was immediately treated at the base hospital. He is to be flown back to Australia tomorrow.

IT HAS been officially confirmed that an Australian soldier has become engaged to a South Vietnamese girl whom he met on night patrol last week. His name has been withheld until his wife is informed.

LUCKILEST Australian this week was Private 2096347 subsection 8 who narrowly avoided serious injury when he dropped his fork at the lunch table.

At the closing ceremony of the pill and in the morning, never let it be forgotten — "The price of membership is eternal bibulance."

Brig. Joystick completed this simple and moving ceremony by presenting both men with a gift of a hamper of West End products.

Oh joy, what a war

In Adelaide the State president of the Retarded Sets League, Brigadier Joystick, expressed delight at the progress of the war in South Vietnam yesterday.

After welcoming home South Australia's first two permanently maimed soldiers at Adelaide Airport he presented them with handsome R.S.L. lapel badges and warmly congratulated them on their heroism.

He said, "Never before in its 50 years of history has the R.S.L. had such an exciting prospect before it."

"The chances of a major escalation in the war in South Vietnam are brightening every day, and we can look forward to young, fresh and vigorous influx of Diggers into our league."

"The Prime Minister is to be congratulated on his foresight in declaring war on the Viet Cong and on his appreciation of the necessity for maintaining the long tradition and virile membership of the R.S.L."

INEBRIATED

"Before the year is out we hope to have enrolled over 1000 new members, less than 80 per cent of whom will be totally and permanently inebriated."

"It is thus with pride that I welcome you home and with thanks that I accept your membership fees."

"At the closing ceremony of the pill and in the morning, never let it be forgotten — "The price of membership is eternal bibulance."

Brig. Joystick completed this simple and moving ceremony by presenting both men with a gift of a hamper of West End products.

A report from The Austrine's own man in Vietnam — Page 3.



WHO'S THE GAYEST GIRL IN TOWN?

Who's the girl who's never tarty, But in the swim at every party The toast of every debutante And mum and dad and maiden aunt At ease in soigne gown or peignoir In ballroom, lounge (and sometimes boudoir) The girl who's tops in party hats And quite at home in bachelor flats Who is the bubbling sparkling girl? Dahlings, its delightful Pearl!

* WHO'S PEARL (see page 8)

WHO ARE THESE MEN?



HERE are three photographs. Study them carefully, do you see any differences? Our artist has touched up the photographs slightly. Is it the hat or the adenoids? If you can pick the difference, write to the "Austrine," Adelaide, with your answer. One little hint. One of them is Al Capone. Which?

A rice peace

It was reported from Saigon today that after a two-month dispute between two settlements in a remote region of Vietnam over the ownership of two rice-fields a peace mission sent by the Government had finally reached one of the settlements.

LATE NEWS

WAS IT ENOUGH? Whatever you just paid for this copy—was it enough? Think again—and go back and double it

National shows, television

Melbourne TV

9.51 am-3.03 pm
 ABV 2—Schools Programme: Sex and the Single Girl.
 HSV 7—11.22 First Edition News; 11.23 Second Edition News; 11.24 Lunchtime Theatre: Anne of Green Gables (Major Squeal); 12.40 Armchair Theatre: Anne of the Pines; 2.00 Beauty and her Breasts; 2.30 Father Knows Them Best.
 GKVD 9—11.27 News Roundup; 11.30 Burns up Allen; 12.00 Constipation?; 12.30 Theatre Matinee: It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog (G. Sodomov, U. P. Adog); 1.45 Fun with Fick; 2.00 It Could Be Him; 2.30 Take the Hint... 2.57 pm-6.03 pm
 ATV 0—3.20 Roomy Romp; 3.20 Phil MacToys; 3.20 Love Raper; 3.20 Form a Circle Club; 3.20 News; 3.20 The Flagellants.
 ABO 2—Schools Programme (cont); 6.00 Kindy-Sex and the Tiny Tot.
 H20 7—4.00 V. D. Village; 4.30 Video Village; 5.00 Venereal Village; 5.30 Venial Village; 5.30 Early Movie: Fort Knobbs (Shick Walker, Virgin Slats).
 GKVD 9—Fanny Thomas; 3.30 Randy Striffiths; 4.00 Kamutra; 4.20 Raper of the Jungle; 5.00 Adventures in her Paradise. 6.05 pm-9.02 pm
 ATV 0—Hambones; 6.20 Raping; 6.25 Rootball; 6.35 Worse News; 7.05 The Gizzard of Id (Dick Sporn, Bal Zapp); 7.03 Ranzanzanza (Loring Spier).
 ABO 2—Let's sing out getcha thing out; 6.21 Poof-ter's Paradise (Phillip McHole); 6.30 News, Newsreel, Wether; 8.30 Dr Killjoy.
 HCL 7—Sex for Tiny Tots (cont); 7.00 Lewd News; 7.32 Football; 7.33 Sunnyside Up; 7.34 Getcha gear off; 7.35 I'm a bottom-tail girl (cont).
 GKVD 9—Slip of National Velvet; 6.29 New, Sweater, Sport?; 6.45 McHole's Navy; 7.30 Perki-up with Pepsie (advert); 8.30 Movie: Decision before Dawn (Dick Baseheart, Ida Nuff). 9 pm-Close
 ATV 0—Smoothex (cont); 9.45 Chanect with Ansett (advert); 10.45 Stars in Action (featuring Southern Cross).
 ABO 2—Dr Killjoy (cont); 8.20 Background Music. We apologise for this break in transmission, which was forced by the undoubted influence of our Doctor over our chief of staff.
 HOO 7—Academy Theatre: Licensed to Kill, Rape and Torture (Jim Blonde); 11.55 Late Rape Show: Song of Saigon (Ho Chi Minh), The End.
 GKVD 9—Movie (cont); 11.22 Unfouchables; 11.33 Wrestling; 11.44 Epilogue.

Cinema

ARSENAL, Boggin Street (phone 11-1111) at 2 and 8 pm. Carry on Up.
 ORSTRALIA, Boggin Street (phone 22-2222) at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8 pm. Seduced and Abandoned (Brilliant U.S. film).
 BUMPLAY, Hustle Street (phone 33-3333) late at night. The Carpetbaggers.
 PERCY, Ferke Street (phone 44-4444) 10.00 on. Odd Bedfellows.
 ELSIE, Cinders Street (phone 55-5555) 1.30. Fall of the Flaming Roman Empire; 8.30 Still pulling it down.
 CURSIN, Boggin Street (phone 66-6666). Rogopag.
 SENDME, Righton Square (phone 88-8888) 8 pm. Population Explosion (documentary).
 EMBASSY, Ferke Street (phone 77-7777) 8 pm. Srop II.
 ESQUIRE, Ferke Street (phone 99-9999) 8.01 pm. You're Wonderful.
 QUORUM, Cinders Street (phone 00-0000) 8.02 pm. You're Killing Me.
 GROSSBORN, Little Boggin Street (phone 10-0000) 8.00 pm. Carry on in Baby.
 HETERO, Ferke Street (phone 11-0000) at 5 and 8.15 pm. Hairy Popoff.
 MY FAIR LADY THEATRE, Ferke Street (phone 11-1000). Camelot.
 ODORON, Ferke Street (phone 11-1100) at 8 pm. A Queen's Story (life story of Lord Inner).
 HARRIS, Ferke Street (phone—none) any hour. The Round to Music.
 PLAZA, Boggin Street at 10.30 am (phone 11-1110). Encore Mondo Cane (subtitle: It's a Mad World).
 PAP, AU LAIT, Hustle Street (phone 12-3456) from 10.30 on. Father's Goose.
 REGENT, Boggin Street, from 12 noon to 12 midnight. The Hedonists.

Theatre

DROMEDARY THEATRE, Exhibition Street (phone 67-4323). Peekin Place (Emily Dickinson, William Wordsworth).
 EMERALD ISLE THEATRE, Siorkas Street (phone 6-5225). Mon-Sat 8.30 pm. Oedipus Com Plex (starring as Oedipus, Luther).
 REGINA THEATRE, (phone 31-2315) at 11.30 pm. Le Suppends Soperfica.
 OLYMPIC POOL, Pataman Avenue (phone 45-4543). The Flying Fox.
 PRINCEST, Lizanne Street (phone 31-0791) after 8 pm. Any Friday.
 HUSTLE STREET THEATRE, Chanlot Avenue (phone-just knock). Enemies of the People.
 ST FARTIN'S THEATRE, Halfway South (phone Vic Sq 351). The Night we Dropped a Clanger. (Daily for all Alt-Bran users).

Art

ARGUSTUFF GALLERY, No Robe Street (phone 79-3295). Oils by Doyle (open all the time).
 ORSTRYLIAN GALLERY, Exhibition of Pastel co-orded by "Indies" Boy.
 LEVERUP STREET GALLERY, (phone 23-2148). Geof la Cherche: Up a Jolly Fagman.
 MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Friggers Street (ext 74). Come up and see my etchings: S. Balls.
 NATURAL GALLERY (phone 23-2144). Exhibitions of paintings by Neanderthal Ned.
 KHAMA GALLERY, Queen's Street (phone—please!). Exhibition of figure drawings in 8 positions.
 PENNIS ART SOCIETY, Nipin Highway, Frangstron. Exhibitions of paintings from real life.
 VICTORIAN ARSISTS SOCIETY, Golbert Street, East Melbourne. Exhibition by Victorian Arsists.

Adelaide TV

10.16 am-3.01 pm
 ABC 2—Teste Pattern; 2.00 Silence Please; 2.01 The Basics of a Happy Teenage Marriage (for schools).
 ADV 7—Music for the Rhythmic Housewife; 12.00 Midday Moving: The Girl Said Yes (Many Undresser, Errol Organ); 1.35 Movie Seven: Go to Hell (G. Casanova); 2.35 Farline.
 NWS 9—Music for the Frigid Housewife; 12.30 Midday Movie: Postman's Knock (Shees Banger); 12.45 Jane Flyman; 1.30 Movie Matinee: A Pretty Girl (Bob Cummin); 2.50 Slimming.
 SIS 10—Movers: She's a Mover, He's a Mover. So was Grandma and Cleopatra. 3.02 pm-6.03 pm
 ABC 2—Schools (cont); 4.45 Kindergarten; with Sadie Sadism; 5.02 Friday Affair; 5.32 Badger's Stiff; 5.38 Sin Sin.
 ADV 7—Beauty's Breasts; 4.01 V. D. Village; 4.32 Sappy Show with Miss Haste; 5.30 Roothin' Robin' Hood.
 NWS 9—Take the Hint: It Could Be You; 4.00 Travel Show for Housewives: Labianise Beauties; 4.35 Channel Niners in War Zone D; 5.30 Pioneers.
 SIS 10—More Movers: Penny and Bobo. 6.04 pm-9.02 pm
 ABC 2—Let's Sing Out Getcha Thing Out; 6.32 Giggles; 7.00 Foo's Wether; 7.32 Hugh and Ay; 8.30 Dr Killcare.
 ADS 7—Thank You Lucky Arse; 6.30 News; 6.35

Golf: How to Hole in One (Krafty Murray); 7.00 Barren Karen; 7.30 The Saint in Watch How I Get Out Of This One; 8.30 Rawhide (F. Lagellant).
 NWS 9—Seek Hunt; 6.35 News-Sport-Golf-What's Your Score?; 7.24 Behold the Night; 7.34 Friday Night Movie: The Honeypot (Candy Christian); 9.00 Put-in Place.
 SAS 10—6.00 Dalgety-NZL (advert); 6.30 Repeat; 7.00 Repeat; 7.30 The News on the Financing of Channel 10; 8.00 Movie Museum: Cleopatra (Elizabeth "Honor" Toller). 9.03 pm-Close
 ABC 2—Dr Killcare (cont); 9.20 Pro File; 9.25 White Australia: tonight's episode—Export Action; 10.25 Indoor Games; 11.00 The Critics; 11.30 Epilog.
 ADS 7—Rawhide (cont); 9.30 Spend Tonight with Taylor; 10.48 Hit the Jackpot; 11.15 Pause that Refreshes; 11.30 Just Five Minutes More.
 NWS 9—Coronation Street; 9.30 In Adelaide Tonight; 9.45 Balsing; 11.16 Fate News (for those who trust the stars); 11.33 End In.
 SAS 10—Teenage Movie: Get in the Groove Now (The Searchers, Hymena Bust).

Cinema

THE BALL THEATRE, Fondle Street (phone 98-8235). Oriental Ladies-by-Night.
 MAJESTIC, King Bull Street, at 8 pm (phone 73-2179). The Parkitbuggers.
 HETERO, Hindside Street at 8 pm (phone 23-2142). Operation Crossedballs.
 NEW CRUZZON, Goodbrod at 8 pm (phone 702). Lawrence's Camp in Arabia.
 RAZA, Dirt Arcade Lane at 8 pm (phone 69453). Squirma La Douce.
 THE GENT, Fondle Street at 8 pm (phone 52-1311). Whatever Happened to Baby Jane's Mother?
 HETERO DRIVE-IN, Carriou. Gates open at 6.00 (phone 92-3174). How to Succeed in Love.
 SPIRIT, Fondle Street at 7.45 pm (phone 1-2345). The Art of Love (or How to Love Thy Neighbour in Thyself).
 SPATE, Hindside Street at 8 pm (phone 3-2113). Baby, the Rain Must Fall (or Where did that Rubber Broly get to?).
 TESTS, Hindside Street at 8 pm (phone 15-1144). The Roman Empire Falls Again.
 VARIOUS DRIVE-INS, Various places (phone-various). Backseat Entertainment.

Theatre

HARRIDAN THEATRE, Innem Parade (Thurs, Sat only please). Desire in a Streetcar (without your pan's on).
 ARSE THEATRE, Fungers Street (phone 29-6363). Send Me No Flowers (I've been dead too long).
 ONION THEATRE, The Seat of Learning (phone—seat). The Fickacists.

Art

You must be kidding!!

Channel 10's new mystery man

Channel Ten has let the secret out. Weeks of speculation in television and theatre circles throughout the nation concerning the heavily veiled secret of who was to be their new lavatory cleaner have now ended.
 The Austrine was the first to know, from Ten's manager in Sydney, that Ajax Flush, veteran of theatre and television lavatories, both in Australia and the U.S., has now been engaged.
 The terms of his contract are still a closely guarded secret, but informed sources hint that his undisclosed salary is in the two-figure bracket. Flush started in a small way with W. C. Williamson's as detergent boy, plug-pulling and bidet-cleaning his way to the Tivoli Circuit, and it was here that he graduated to lavatories.



Mum's boy is exposed

TOMMY HANLON'S claim that none of his family bore the least resemblance to him was today refuted by the Country Sheriff of Nashville, Tennessee, who said that he had unearthed a real photograph of the Hanlon family. This showed Hanlon for what he was — a hick hillybilly.
 The sheriff said the Hanlon subterfuge was nothing more than an attempt to cover up his unsavoury social background.



Ranta Maria on the pill

When asked to comment on Mr Diggerman's plea to ban The Pill, Mr Ranta Maria, Victorian wheeler dealer, said that he was full of enthusiasm for the idea.

At the same time he thought that Mr Diggerman had not taken his proposals far enough. Mr. Ranta Maria considered that larger child endowment payment for bigger families was a necessity in order to encourage larger families.

BIG WEAPON

People should not think of this as a subsidy to the Catholics, popularly regarded as being those who had largest families. But rather they should look at it in the light of the nature of Australia's expansionist needs and requirements.

"In exactly the same way as Australia needs a nuclear weapon," he added.

POPULATION

If people looked at it in this light, very soon the whole population of Australia would be Catholics, and then everyone would be happy.

Arthur in labor

THE AUSTRINE TAKES A LONG LOOK AT CALWELL

That dynamo of the Australian political scene Arthur Augustus (A.A.) Calwell, has recently been the victim of numerous growing pains from within.
 One wonders, when one considers the pregnancy of Arthur's mind why he has not been able to overcome (drop) these internal problems and get on with the job in hand.
 The general opinion in political circles seems to be that Arthur has not been receiving objective treatment by certain Australian newspapers. The Austrine attempts to rectify this trend and present an unbiased outline of this great politician's brilliant career.

His sonorous Oxford accent which can hold an audience spellbound for seconds on end.
 His flashing wit and ability to coin memorable phrases.
 Our near-Asian neighbours will always remember fondly that witty reply of Arthur's when defending Australia's White Aust. Policy while Minister of Immigration — viz — "two Wongs don't make a white".

He could, no doubt, be an instant success as ambassador to Peking.
 His ability to keep his party united and happy despite the attempts of pressure groups to sabotage his efforts.
 The right wing, the centre, the left wing and Comrade Cairns are all living contentedly under Arthur's guidance.
 His quick and decisive

communications base in W. Australia.
 His great success in leading his party at the elections. Arthur's progressive outlook has instilled great confidence into the electors in Australia, and A.L.P. popularity has been startling its supporters.
 His friendly relations with other political parties.

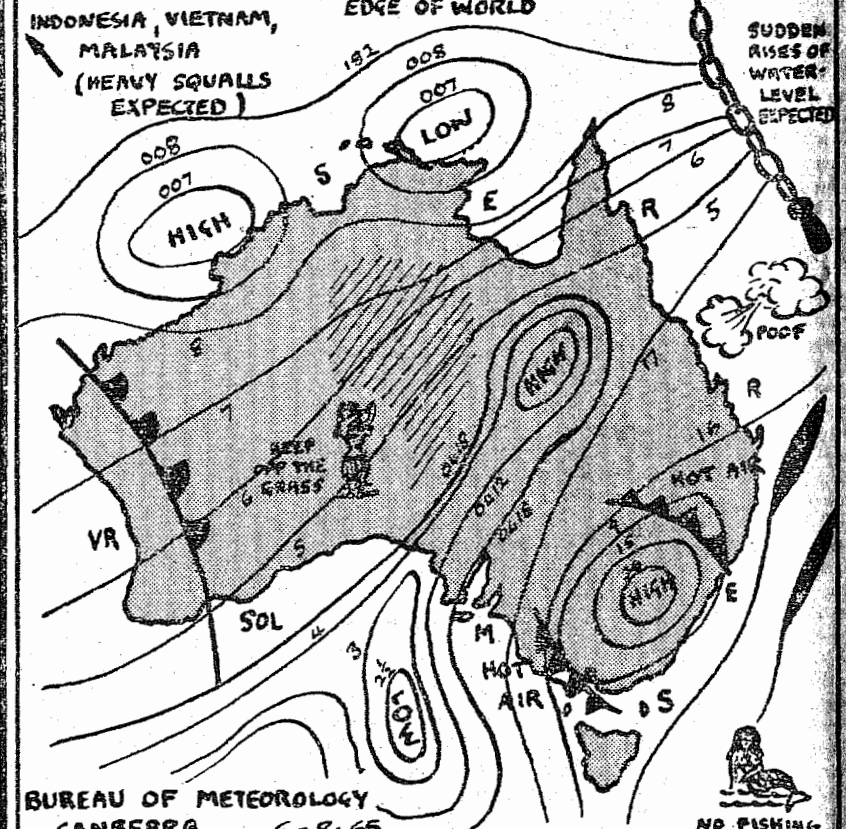
Arthur has long been an advocate of "togetherness" and has no doubt gained much encouragement from the Communist Party executives recent description of the Party as a "definite political trend within the Labor movement" and its endorsement of unity tickets between Communists and members of the Labor Party in trade union elections.
 The Libs also seem quite happy with Arthur at the helm and share the

SHORT SHORTS

A number of factors have contributed to Arthur's meteoric rise to the position of Commander in Chief of the Australian Labor Party.
 Space permits only the more outstanding factors to be mentioned.
 His debonair appearance—no one figure in Australian politics today has the audacious appeal of the Labor Leader. With the possible exception of our own Don Dunstan when attired in revealing shorts).

RIMMED HORN

Women have been known to swoon instantly when that famous face appears from beneath his smart broad rimmed sombrero and horn rimmed spectacles.



HOT AIR STREAMS
 The main feature of today's weather is the high pressure system situated over Canberra from which streams of hot air are moving across the continent.
 This air movement is also augmented by hot air streams crossing the Tasman Sea from New Zealand which has, of late, become the centre of concentrated high temperature systems.
 A high pressure system is moving towards the warm front and their interaction may produce a large degree of turbulence, particularly in previously settled areas.
MELBOURNE
 Melbourne can expect a

PERTH
 Perth can expect more trouble from the southerly moving low coming from the waters around Japan and Russia.
DARWIN
 Darwin's unprotected coastline could be subjected to heavy pounding from squally and drizzles moving downward under cyclone influences around South-East Asia.
BRISBANE
 In Brisbane, a downfall in the grasslands followed by six to seven inches in fertile areas could lead to moist conditions suitable for planting and growth.

For a thirst this big...
 YOU NEED A LONG, COLD
Cooper's
 ReCOOPERate with
COOPER EXTRA STOUT

THE AUSTRINE WORLD FABLE SERVICE

Grandpa's boots are serving the country again

"Remember these stirring scenes, chaps," said Brigadier T. C. Blimp, President of the R.S.L. "Just like 1916 in the Argonne Forest. What a 'gas' time we had then," he said. "And for these hooligans in their snake-proof pants and pimples it'll be just as good in Vietnam and just as pointless."

When asked what they fought for in 1916, the President said: "We fought for Queen, Country and God; what more do you need?" he said.

"Anyway, we've got even better reason to fight this time; this crisis won the Senate election for the R.S.L.'s political wing, the Liberal party."



A fragrant whiff of our tradition

"Remember, the price of liberalism is eternal belligerence."

Over in Vietnam the boys at Ya Nong Air Force Base feel pretty much the same way. "It's great to be part of the Digger tradition," said P.R.C. 007642 Hymen G. K. Busted.

"Perhaps the greatest link with the past is our equipment," he said.



Just like Grandpa . . .

"You can imagine the thrill when I discovered Grandpa's name on the inside of my boots. They're rotted away now, but those boots they certainly were a fragrant whiff of our great tradition."

"My underpants were knitted by the Women's Home Comforts For Our Boy's League in 1941," he said proudly.

"Our rifles," PFC Busted said, "are just great for executing Viet Cong and defending the Simpson Desert."

He would not say if they were any good in the jungle. He smiled shyly and said: "I'm sure the Government knows what it's doing."

"I mean it's exactly the same mob that was going to defend Australia with Lee Enfield rifles from behind the Brisbane line!"

"The Regimental Chaplain chipped in: 'Remember, God's on our side.' Thank God."



Just like those days in the Argonne Forest

ONE GOOD ATROCITY DESERVES ANOTHER



Note the laughing faces of both tortured and torturing. This official photograph is being used for recruiting purposes.



Even in death there's a laugh. Take no notice of the solemn soldier at the back—he's a piker

The Minister for the Army, Dr J. Throbs, has finally thought out an attractive advertising pitch to sweeten the pill for conscripts off to Vietnam.

The craze came with photographs of laughing Viet Cong prisoners being disembowelled and being given the water treatment.

Ha! Ha! Too much! All at once the recruiting officer came across eager young men swapping ideas for new methods.

Just to encourage further volunteers Dr Throbs has released these early shots (left) of the First Battalion at work on the Viet Cong.

Note the laughing faces on the lads! It's a man's army all right.

One Viet Cong guerrilla, gurgling happily to himself after a session, said, "Your lads certainly pick up the technique pretty well. The guerrilla said: 'The disembowling wasn't such fun, but I feel proud to have caused so much amusement for the boys.' He then expired."

Corporal Thumscrew of Uchuca, Victoria, said: "It wasn't nearly as good down on the farm; maiming roos was good fun, but this beats it any day."

"The Viet Cong guerrilla got the point all right," said the CO, Major de Sade.

"It would be a valuable source of information," he confided in me "if we had an interpreter. In any case, it helps my men to work out their aggressions."

The Minister for the Army, Dr Throbs, when asked to comment on this turn in the attitude of our boys from their former education for God, Country, and Mum and Dad to this present barbaric torture method, said he was on the Kokoda Trail back in '41 and one of his mates had his buttocks knocked off by the Nips, and if the Diggers had caught up with them, then they wouldn't have been too gentle, would they?

He said in this dirty jungle war it was a case of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a testicle for a testicle.

"This is not a war for squeamish young long hairs, but for tough blond Aussie diggers proud of their heritage. Disembowling is not for the squeamish, it takes guts!"

Race riots in Adelaide

Punters demonstrated against jockey Dilly Dyers after he rode the firm favorite into equal nineteenth place in a field of twenty at Morphettville on Saturday.

A GALLANT SURRENDER SAYS CAPTURED AUSSIE

Indonesian forces were reported to be infiltrating Adelaide's city limits — coming up the Torrens River by gun-boat and disembarking at the West End Brewery Landing (apparently fooled by the "magic garden" — thinking it to be the famous festering bowel nite-spot) where CMF forces gave battle with slouch hats and official war department records.

Not having been issued with any ammunition the CMF commanding officer, Col Keswick went on to say that the Australians fought bravely, considering they had nothing to match that extreme firepower with, and that the surrender was no disgrace.

"HM's Govt. had all available forces in the field. But we were out-flanked and outnumbered," he said.

7 or 8 of them yellow bastards."

General Ah Sole accepting the colony's surrender at Govt. House said that his was not an aggressive force, but "an army of liberation."

"This is a police action," he claimed, "not an invasion."

"With the election of a Labor (Communist Front Organisation) Govt. in SA, we have no capitalist Imperialist Wall Street warmongers to verbally berate us in the UN — so we left there too."

"We cannot allow a favorable govt. to come to power without revolution."

The Premier, Mr Walsh was not available for comment, as he was busy planting cherry trees on his new property in a foothills development area.



SA police "well behind" in scientific equipment — newspaper headline.



A laughing Viet Cong guerrilla

Darwin is invaded

A group of visiting Indonesian journalists toured Darwin. Alarmed residents who jammed local switchboards were assured that there was no danger.

Revolting penguins ready to rule

"Heard Island is now ablaze with revolt," according to wireless operator, and minister for communications and foreign affairs, Squark Kee Rawk. "A military junket, let by our glorious leader Squeek Koo Eeek, has overthrown the Australian Imperial Government and set adrift the two scientists stationed in a rubber dinghy."

The wireless station said in its report that since Mr. Kostaja Mauk-auerie, state leader of the General Ass-embly of the Knitted Nations declared penguins to be humanoid, a communist inspired revolutionary movement called SPASM (Society for Penguin Advancement to the Socialist Movement) has been agitating for the overthrow of the Australian

Imperialistic Overlords of Heard Island and the replacing of the paper-tiger figure head Boob-Rampart with a true leader of Penguin Socialism, ready to recognise that in penguin rookeries lies the basic inspiration of all Communistic societies:

"The Mendacious Government is trying to maintain the Australian stranglehold on the entire South Pacific."

BRINDLESIA

"We call on the communist forces of Brindlesia under its glorious leader Professor Sucker-ano to liberate the entire Antarctic and establish guided democracy throughout Southern Irian, and liberate the world from Pole to Pole."

"Delegations have been sent to Brindlesia, Pink China and Bedpan to provide economic aid to this backward inland and a fish subsidy for all disabled workers."

"These subsidies will back our own economic

programme in the development of untapped mineral resources particularly the large deposits of guano, laid down by forced labour under the iniquitous yoke of the Mendacious Government.

"This new found industrial strength will feel the revolutionary movement that shall overcome the entire Australian Colonial Empire."

"The Brindlesians are already battering the ramparts of East Irian. Soon the iniquities overlordship of the Northern Territory and Western Australia will be destroyed."

"New electoral rolls have already been drawn up excluding all white tyrants from the vote, which shall be exclusively in the Aboriginal, the only true inhabitant of Australia."

"South Australia has already been infiltrated and the Squelch Welsh Movement, led by diffident Liberal Leader Tammany Plaidow, has placards posted everywhere."

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You have to buy ONLY ONE record a year, for which you pay 35/- or 37/6—a saving of 22/6 to 17/6.

Club releases are of the finest quality available—pressed for the Club by E.M.I. (manufacturers of H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Capitol, etc.) from masters specially imported from the world's greatest record companies.

W.R.C. is the Club outlet in Australia for His Master's Voice, Everest, Columbia, Electrola, Parlophone, Capitol, Erato of Paris and other smaller specialist labels.

In other words, World Record Club releases, in quality, diversity and general high standards of production, are identical to any other famous brands on the market. The only difference is the label—and the price!

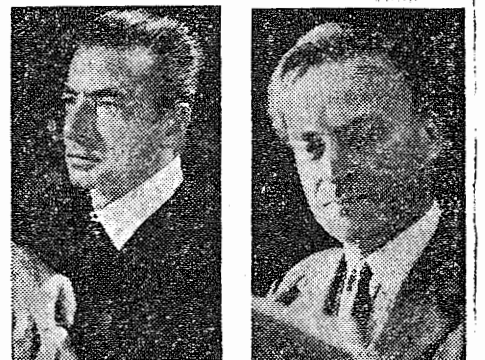
The Club offers tremendous diversity of releases, including "Dividend" 12" LP's at only 18/- for every one, two or three you buy at 35/- or 37/6. It offers children's records, Connoisseur recordings of great performances of the past, Shakespeare's plays, readings from the Bible, etc.

The quality of Club recordings can be gauged by the reviews which constantly appear in the nation's Press—and also by its great artists. These include Callas, Karajan, Sargent, Beecham, Arrau, Victoria de los Angeles, Menuhin, Klemperer, Silvestri, Kletzki, Furtwangler, Malczynski, John Ogdon, Bjorling, Paillard, Oistrakh, Giulini, Schwarzkopf, Lympny, Boulton, Gilels, Bollet, Toscanini, Markevitch, Kogan, Cluytens, Krips, Galliera, Monteux, Fistoulari, etc.—all the great artists of the present and the past.

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Please send me full details of World Record Club Service. I understand that this preliminary enquiry does not in itself constitute application for membership.

(Mr.)
NAME (Mrs.)
(Miss)
ADDRESS

*Membership of World Record Club is strictly controlled, and the Club reserves the right to close its membership lists at any time, without notice.

MEN AT THE TOP READ

THE AUSTRALIAN

THE AUSTRINE

Proshit again

PROSH week is with us again, and with it the reactions and feelings of a wide section of the public, ranging from bemused superiority from groups and people who have escaped notice and hostile antagonism from those that didn't.

From the latter will come the annual comments which gush out when university students hit the limelight — "educated louts," "long hairs," "irresponsible ratbags," and so on.

The public as a whole enjoy Prosh week. From State to State Australia-wide, it is an annual function which consistently raises many thousands of pounds. The fact that so much money is raised is evidence of the measure of public support that Prosh enjoys.

Yet the fact remains that not all Prosh Week Publicity is good publicity for university students. Every year sees someone, some private person or club or company "slighted" by stunts or Prosh Rag, and the FUSS raised by these good people is usually given wider publicity than the good side of Prosh, the amount collected for charity, the originality of the procession, the behavior of the students.

Here in South Australia we are fortunate in enjoying close co-operation with the police. The police are advised of the stunts and give their advice in return.

If the police are advised of a stunt in the city, at a particular spot, at a particular time, those on duty will settle themselves down to enjoy it. If not advised they are within their rights to shove the students in the clink for any one of a multitude of sins ranging from offensive behavior to obstructing the footpath (sic).

Nevertheless, despite this "togetherness" with the police, every year some incident is magnified out of all proportion, and a proportionate amount of bad publicity is reflected on the students.

Students do their best to avoid this and only plead: "Give us a fair go, Alf."

To benefit from Prosh appeal

This year the Prosh appeal is in aid of World University Service Community Aid Abroad, the Aboriginal Scholarship scheme and the Multiple Sclerosis Society of South Australia in addition to the charity of the day, the War Veterans' Home.

These charities are extremely worthwhile and we urge you to give generously if approached by a student (with official badge).

Thanks Rupe

This year the Prosh Rag was set up on the presses of The Australian in Canberra. We gratefully extend our thanks to Mr Rupert Murdoch, and to Mr Walter Kommer and his staff, especially to Mr Arnold Earnshaw, for their advice and interest.

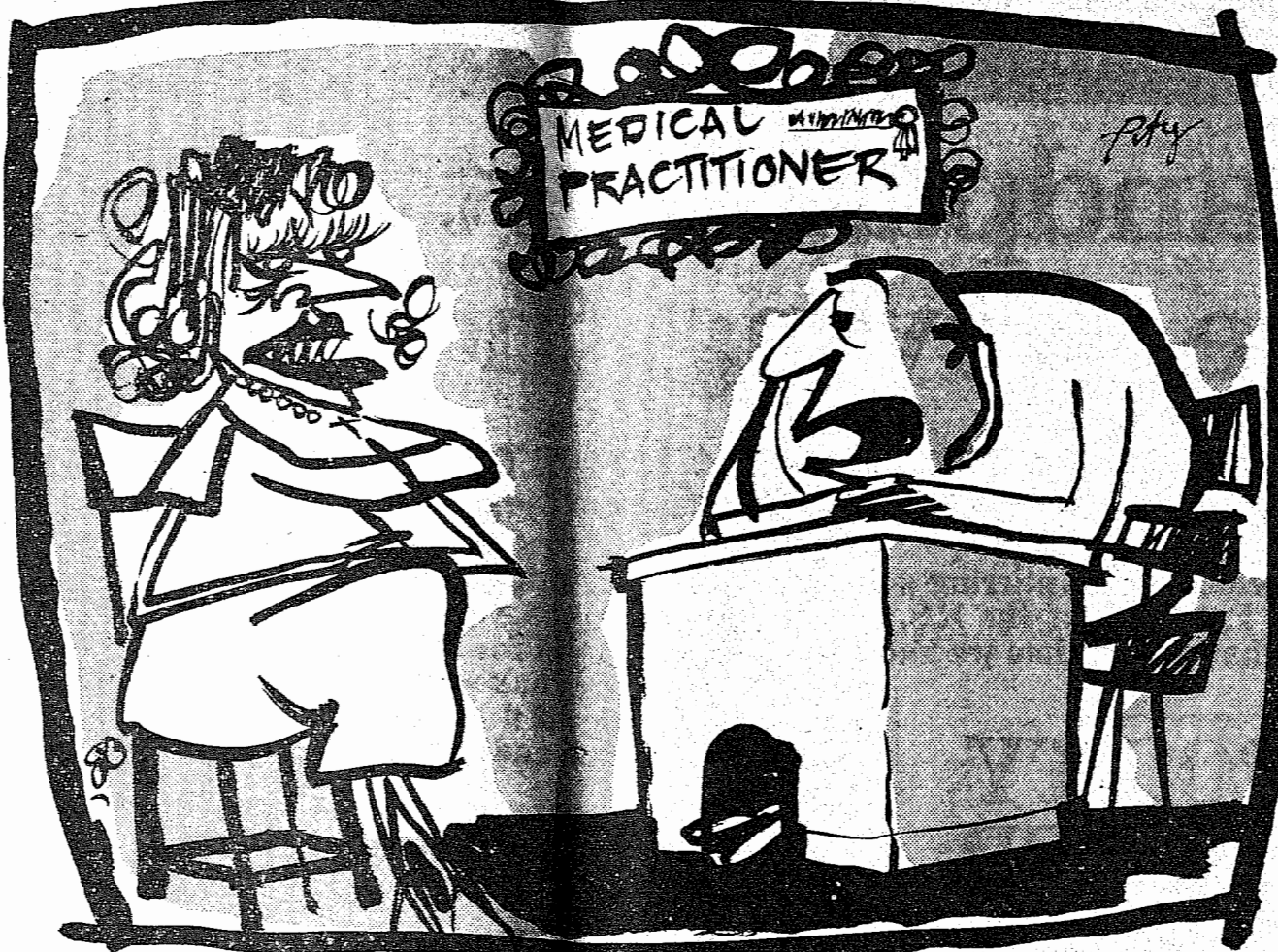
Rupert Murdoch's men on this occasion were: EDITOR: Pim Beatty, SUB-EDITOR: John Waters, BUSINESS MANAGER: Penny Holmes.

CONTRIBUTORS: Michael Abbott, Tony Brady, John Bowditch, Ann Cooper, Julian Disney, John Doyle, Peter Dodd, John Gregerson, Andrew Ligertwood, Chris McCabe, Bill Nichol, Ian Nosworthy, Robert Parbs, Tony Short, Peter Wesley-Smith, Chris Winnal.

ARTWORK: Ross Batum, Stephen Ramsey, Dick Stokes.

OTHERS: Paul Cronin, Andy Cambell, Nigel Hopkins, Leigh Taylor, Weter Pong, Bob Griffiths, Fuma Ninsa and Khalil Sureidini.

PITY'S COMMENT



"You don't have to swallow that pill Mrs Xavier—you can hold it between your knees. That way conception is 100 per cent impossible."

Noddy is a naughty boy!

It is my duty to protect the decent citizens of Australia from the deluge of obscene muck which would flood our dear country if some of the protagonists for the relaxing of censorship laws had their way.

Only last week I intercepted a particularly obscene and pornographic work which would undoubtedly corrupt and deprave any decent mind.

I certainly would not like my 25-year-old granddaughter to read a disgusting book like this latest offering from that prolific pornographer Miss Blyton (Readers will gratefully remember our tireless efforts to have other works of hers like the Sexed-up Seven and the Fornicating Five banned from entry into this country.)

I was alerted immediately I saw the title of the book—"Noddy Gets Into Trouble" could mean only one thing. The central character in this book is a young man called Noddy. He is described as wearing a red shirt, pale blue pants, red shoes with blue bows on them, a yellow and red polka dot scarf and, a blue pointed hat with, wait for it, a bell on it.

Well, I ask you! Is this the sort of man we want our young men to imitate. No! We want decent manly men to be our heroes.

Even in the first chapter there are several objectionable passages. I only quote them here to show what you are being protected from.

Our reviewer this week takes his stick to obscene matters.

"I wish I had a best like yours, Noddy," said the milkman. "Mine keeps quite still, it must be exciting to have one like yours." Noddy nodded at the milkman.

"Yes," he said, "And today its nodding more than ever because I feel it is my lucky day. Something's going to happen, I know it is!"

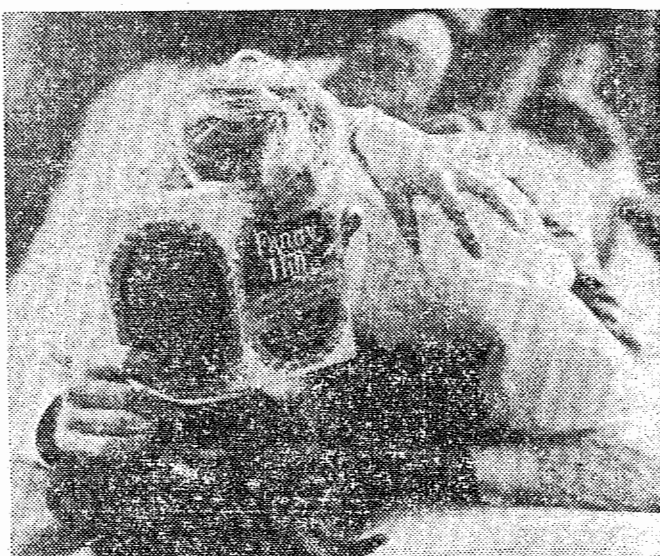
"Well, I hope it's something nice, that's all..." Noddy is a taxi-driver profession but he is not having a very successful time. The word has got around and, naturally no decent citizen is going to accept a ride from 'one of them'.

Noddy offers a ride to Mr Monkey: "No thank you", is the reply. "I've heard queer things about you, Noddy. Very queer. I don't want to go in your car again." Noddy drove off — his face very red. Did people really know he had been to Mr Wobbly-Man's house during the night?

Noddy has a friend who calls herself Tessie Bear. She too is a most reputable woman ("Tess couldn't see who it was in the dark but she liked the sound of his voice—'Come in, let's be quick'").

Miss Blyton does not give any details of Miss Bear's profession but she seems to confine her activities to night time. One particularly sordid chapter is entitled "In the Middle of the Night".

But by far the most disgusting chapter is one which describes the unnatural practices in which Noddy and his 'friends' indulge.



Banned books just do not deprave

SIR—I regret I am unable to complete the review of Fanny Hill that you asked me to present for this issue.

This is not to say, sir, that I am not persevering with the young lass. However, it is beyond my energy and physical fitness to finish the review in the time permitted. I am only up to page 49, and she has already severely taxed my resources.

I feel sure, even at this stage, that the young lady does not corrupt or deprave anyone — merely weakens them.

I enclose a photograph to prove my sincerity in this matter, and hope to complete my investigation within the next few months. — GORDAN HAWKINS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Appalling behavior

I am extremely perturbed about the activity of university students during Prosh Week, as they call it.

I am an old lady and am confined to a wheelchair for most of my time. Yesterday a group of university students dressed as Viet Cong guerrillas came racing down King

William Street cheerfully clubbing down passers by. They tipped my wheelchair and sent me sprawling. I was appalled by this behavior. — MISS R. SENDUP.

Trouble under the bed

I TOO had trouble last night. I not only found Mr Aarons under my bed, but Ho Chi Minh, Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and Jim Cairns were there too. — Heric Butler.

Shake hands with the unemployed

By Prof. Julius Vulva Filler

Here Vessell, we have a most interesting, nay fascinating, problem in fluid mechanics. Observe how, by this most remarkable process, we have hydrostatic pressure built in this closed container.

How is this not fascinating? Let us consider this inlet. See how here at this point we have a change in area! And what does this mean? A good question, and the answer?

The speed of flow decreases! Can you imagine here the tiny molecules — those very same molecules, Vessell, as are incorporated in the principles of Archimedes!

Think on that, the same molecules! Now is that not charming? — but to our molecules. They dash in here—so! And now they find themselves adding to those molecules already in the container.

What happens, Vessell? You are so right, Vessell—a pressure build-up. But consider this fact — as recently as 1850, this pressure build up was unknown. Then we have Phlegmings!

The great man you remember his first experiments with the pill? — and I quote from his personal diary: "After exhaustive research." (Note his words Vessell. These are the great words used by this great man.)

glad to see you." And he gave Big-Ears such a hug that he almost squeezed the breath out of him. "CFTOooooof," said Big-Ears, panting. "You're worse than a bear Noddy."

I noticed a list of companion volumes listed on the dust-jacket of this book: "Noddy and the Magic Rubber."

"Noddy and the Dumpy Dog."

"Up Little Noddy."

"Noddy and the Dumpy Dog."

"Nibble Noddy's Nuts."

"Here Comes Noddy Again."

I assure you, decent readers, that as long as you entrust to me the task of censoring your reading matter, such depraved and corrupt writings will never be allowed to pervade our country.

But now to the problem in hand. Observe the pressure release now — is it not wonderful, the way nature works, Vessell? Now, see here the presence of the vena contracta. And is it not a parabolic flow we have? Parabolic, see. As derived by one of the Bernoullis in the 17th Century. Think on that, Vessell — 300 years ago this flow was analysed. Now the container is empty, Vessell. Can you not experience a feeling of exhilaration similar to that of Phlegmings? Do you not agree, Vessell, that there is nothing like a leak?

Our defence

Our Special Defence Co-respondent, Captain Smithson Warran (Retd) reports on . . .

- Launching of the latest Navy ship at Lake Burley Griffin.
● Defence in Parliament House.

After launching of the Navy's new G.F. class destroyer at Lake Burley Griffin, Canberra, today, members of the RSL staggered back to their Mount Ainslie playpen (the Australian War Memorial) to reminisce over vintage World War II weapons and smutty communications.

However, the Minister for the Army, Dr Rorbs, denied them access to the memorial, as many of the antiquies are still on the secret list and protected by the Official Secrets Act, 1914-1939.

Questions were asked today of Dr Rorbs as to Australia's defence potential. The honorable minister, in reply, said that in the event of a surprise attack, Australian armed forces could be mobilised in 6 to 8 months — to be transported by TAA and Ansett-ANA, in the event of such an attack.

The RAAF only had 3 squadrons of transport aircraft. The latest fastest aircraft is the Viscount, (currently used for VIP transportation at Canberra) of which two squadrons are non-operational at the moment, and the rest are in South Vietnam.

The standing size of the Regular Army is 24,000 regulars he said, which includes 20,000 CMF members (only available one day per week) and 6000 "volunteer" national service recruits.

The army would be fully equipped (1951 standard) by 1970, he said. When asked about Indonesian capabilities, he said Australia far outnumbered the Indonesian forces.

In the figures stated by Dr Rorbs, it was apparent that some disparity existed: the Indonesian standing army had an estimated strength of 350,000 regulars.

But one Australian was equal to 10 "of them brown bastards" he commented.

Although the Indonesians possess current Soviet and United States equipment, Dr Rorbs said that superior World War II African Desert equipment is standard issue — would soon be in use and that altho' the Australian Army had no heavy tanks the Australian soldier can run faster than an Indonesian tank anyway.

When questioned about faulty Army issue in South Vietnam, Dr Rorbs said that it was no longer a secret — the clever scheme could now be revealed.

As the Viet Cong rely exclusively on captured equipment, this was the ideal situation to sabotage the Cong war effort (Loud cheers from right wing).

The Minister for Air, answering questions on R.A.A.F. potential, admitted our fastest aircraft at the moment are "Whispering T's" on loan from an unknown donor.

The 1951 vintage Sabres were very good against shipping and MIG 17s (if given 20 minutes start) and given ample warning in the event of an air attack could be freighted out from S-E Asia by IPEC, and be operational within 3 or 4 weeks.

However, he said, the new Mirage III fighter (used during the Suez crisis in 1956) ordered

by the Government in 1961 would be operational in 1967 (as the essential complex ground radar without which the aircraft cannot operate was not ordered until 1964.)

Sir Rob. said he was justified by the Government in 1961, ordering this equipment.

The F11A, the Minister said, would be flying by 1969, and would be one of the fastest fighter-bombers going (1800 m.p.h.)

However, the hon. minister neglected to say that current MIG-21's (1963) are already flying at 4000 m.p.h. and that Soviet supplied surface-to-air missiles have a current speed of 1800 m.p.h.

"But" said the hon. minister, "The bomber will always get through"—and he stressed the fact that the newly re-issued Canberra bomber (British of course) bears a proud name, and that his 4 pilots would do their best in an emergency.



"In any event" he asserted, "our 12 squadrons of Tiger Moths and Cessna aircraft are good enough to keep out them bastards."

The minister stressed the fact that our one anti-aircraft battery on the northern coastline would shoot down the whole Indonesian Air Force if they flew directly over Darwin any time between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

The Minister for the Navy was not available at question time (went down to the sea in a ship), but the following information was released by the official Soviet news agency, TASS: The Australian Navy consists of four operational ships — one of which is the carrier Melbourne carrying obsolete Tiger Moths and Wright Bros. biplanes plus destroyers.

If distributed to all the admirals in the Australian Navy there would not be enough to go round.

Apparently by 1968, the Navy will have nine more ships for the admirals to play with. The hon. minister said that the "Voyager", sunk in 1964, having been salvaged by the Westinkau Salvage Co, would soon be making a reappearance in Australia as a Datsun motor car.

Later today it was announced that the RSL "Old Boys" division, will, if necessary, man all Memorial Garden cannons in the event of an emergency. Civil defence units in all capital cities will co-ordinate in the event of sudden aggression and blow up all sewers in their respective cities (a type of "flooded-earth" policy).



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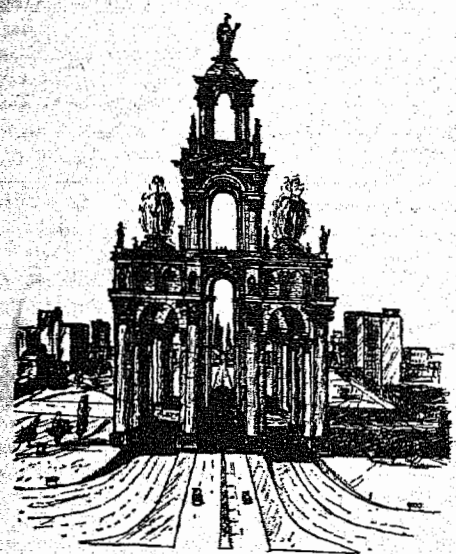
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Empire tribute

A monument will soon be built in Victoria Square. As a handful of enlightened people stepped in ROBIN BAWD finds cause for hope in a new outlook among aldermen — the fight against ugliness has moved from town council to drawing board.

The vigorous modern development of this country sometimes seems to demand the growth of ugly utilities and the destruction of all indigenous and traditional character. Good citizens who despond at this, take heart! A number of recent events in far-flung city council chambers point to a faint light on the horizon. Could it be the rosy dawn of a new official attitude?

For instance, the Lord Mayor of Adelaide, Mr. J. C. Irwin (ARA) is attacking the city council for its refusal to agree over the major urban problem: the absence of a significant landmark in Victoria Square. The city council wants all landmarks underground. Adelaide is agreeable only if Mr Irwin pays for it. Alderman Grundy says that progressive undergrounding could be financed by a badge day or a State lottery, and he remarks: "The provision of cheap architecture at the cost of degrading the landscape is a bargain which no self-respecting community can reject."

Fortunately for Adelaide Mr Irwin's design for a triumphal arch is anything but a bargain. Our (Mr Irwin) architect has set the cost of this magnificent monument at 200 million dollars.

This is a conservative estimate, and Adelaide has little confidence in the ability of its architect to predict the ultimate cost of the project, which will be nearer 535 million dollars. Needless to say the only firm to do the job would be Woods, Ferngat Pay One, Smith and Irwin.

The Lord Mayor submitted the plan several weeks ago to

the Adelaide University's Department of Architecture. A commission was formed to investigate the project. This was dissolved and a board of enquiry formed. A spokesman for the sub-committee said: "We are forging ahead steadily."

Finally Professor Yensen prepared a thoroughly documented and scholarly report on the situation. He said that he did not think the building would collapse if it were built strongly. It is very pleasing to note that Mr Irwin's design incorporated at least two multi-colored, filtered, fluorinated fountains on the second landing of the monument. The fountain on the eastern aspect is to represent a hermaphrodite version of the Archangel Gabriel, while that on the western front will depict King Neptune with water spraying playfully from his fork.

Of course it is an old design — what is new is the building. Into this imposing edifice, which combines the best of Edwardian Baroque, neo-classical Palladianism, and Birmingham Ironie, he has interwoven the finest manifestations of Western culture.

Not only is the monument a great work of art per se, but it also houses many of the world's great masters. The entire Adelaide City Council will be able to find a niche somewhere in the monument.

Now for a few vital statistics... the estimated height of the triumphal arch is 635 feet—thus reducing the Statue of Liberty to pygmean proportions. After examining the model, Professor Yensen explained: "I measured it from side to side, 'twas three foot long and two foot wide."

(The model was on a scale of 110 to 1—Ed.) Surely the most earthly-minded among us cannot fail to be impressed by the

grandeur of this museum of Victorian design: panoramic vistas, spacious colonnades, white statues and ornate facades dripping with cast-iron.

The simple but incredible monument is sure to attract a great deal of attention from visitors to the city, mainly because it is so large that it will occupy the whole area of Victoria Square as it now stands.

In fact, all buildings on both sides will have to be pushed back 500 feet to make room for the magnificent freeway which will surround it. (See artist's impression and ground plan.)

"This," said a city council spokesman, "is definitely the most sensible and practical design for Victoria Square that we have seen."

"Actually," says Mr Irwin, "the idea was taken from a plan for a new Adelaide goal, in which I tried to express my concept of freedom. Not only will such a superb architectural structure considerably enhance Adelaide's prestige as the Festival City, but visitors from overseas will be intrigued and impressed by the way in which open-air gymnastic displays can be staged from the ornate third-floor balcony."

Standing in the mind's eye at the pink marble foot of this awe-inspiring structure, we gaze lost in rapture at the exotic combination of colors—pink, blue, and primrose too. In attitudes of acute discomfort, nymphs, aldermen and tribal deities of heroic female physique and alarming size, balanced precariously on golden pediments, threaten the passer-by with a shower of stone fruit from the cavernous interiors of their cornucopias.

The pillars which support the structure, after the style of

Cleopatra's Needle, will depict in hieroglyphs the lives of successive Lord Mayors of Adelaide, standing as an example to us all.

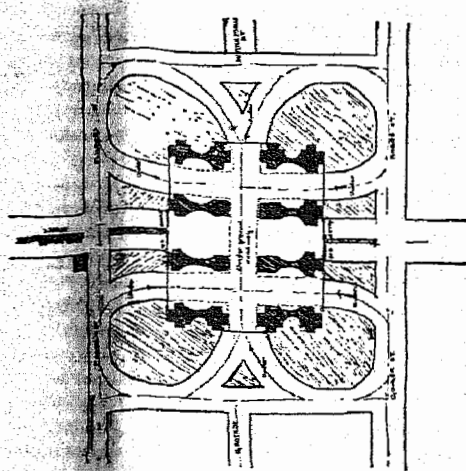
I myself feel that serious structural weakness may result, but never fear!—there are compensations in the benefits to be derived from the improvement in public morality.

On one of his numerous trips to Europe, Sir Robert Menzies was taken by the rococo elegance of Byzantine mosaic, and suggested to Mr Irwin that the ground floor of the proposed edifice should take the form of an epic mosaic design, symbolising the entente cordiale between the three great world powers, in the form of an heraldic shield: Menzies rampant on a field azure, flanked by Wilson couchant and Johnson sinister.

The titles comprising Sir Robert's head will be only lightly cemented, to facilitate later substitution. Mr Stanislaw Ostoja-Kotowski, Adelaide's prominent society artist who is to design the mosaic, has brilliantly suggested an Aboriginal motif for the surrounding border.

Stonemason Walsh, adviser to the architect, has suggested that the ground floor be used for off-street parking. As we pass through the elaborate wrought-iron gates (which will be immediately locked on erection) our eyes will be irresistibly attracted by the glorious representation overhead of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, executed in plastic Australian wild-flower petals by the Angaston Women's Home League.

Atop the pink gold-capped pillars, the second storey will comprise government offices delightfully faced with brick veneer—which is to be a gift from Sydney. However, owing to an oversight, there seems to be no allowance made for



inter-floor transportation unless by means of the helicopters for which the designer has left adequate room below the carillon in the cupola.

During our festive season (not to be confused with Christmas) the edifice will be floodlit and festoons of colored lights will be draped from the top-most pinnacle. Cockatoos and balloons will be released on gala occasions.

The building will be in danger from low-flying aircraft and it is hoped that Queen Victoria herself, represented as Britannia, will be able to keep her head as they swoop by. The architect has wisely foreseen this possibility and has directed that the statue atop the building be constructed of translucent plastic which will incorporate a weather-beacon and a warning light to aircraft.

Queen Victoria will flash white ascending bars for strong winds and rain, descending red spirals for calm weather, descending white spirals for fog, and ascending red bars will signify no change. In time of invasion, she will emit purple flashes and then hurl her spear into the sea. (No doubt she will also intone the hallowed phrase: "We are not amused.")

The reason for the height of the monument is that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. The fathers of the city have long felt that the traditional town hall clock face is an outmoded convention, and with this thought in mind, have suggested that Queen Victoria be provided with a wristlet watch.

On payment of five cents, citizens may then view the time through a high-powered telescope. On the hour, the carillon will play "Advance Australia Fair."

The ladies' Gothic revival conveniences are ingeniously and hygienically concealed behind the dome-base of the western aspect, and the gentlemen's beneath that on the eastern side.

The only difficulty yet to be resolved is that they are so cunningly concealed that the public will perhaps have difficulty in determining their exact position.

Talking of problems arising from the construction of the building, let us take another glimpse at proposals for the use of the ground floor. Since the ground floor of the triumphal arch is to be used as a car-park, all traffic will have to go underneath the monument in three super five lane highways.

But none of these highways lead anywhere in particular—they all converge into a single one-lane highway which goes around the square and turns back into the five-lane highways.

The traffic commissioner has made the tentative suggestion that this would cause minor traffic problems for the stream of cars coming in from all directions, especially at peak hour periods.

It is probable that once the monument has been built all traffic will be diverted away from the city altogether.

Readers can have full confidence in Adelaide's planning committee—the project will be in no way affected by utilitarian considerations: it will be a triumphant aesthetic achievement.

Reform

Or 'what will I do with Australia'

Seldom it is in these tempestuous times that the idle reader of the gutter press finds his spirit borne aloft by sound counsel from a celebrated quill.

But now, rumor threatens, the reckless chariot of reform may drag behind it in its dusty wake all that is best in Terra Australis as in former times proud Heil'ge trilled 'hild black gaudy Achilles. Nothing, let it be known, is more required in this colony now than fundamental reformation; but BLAND reader it is essential that the chariot be guided by those blessed with presytopia telescope.

I, and other right-minded men, have long been urging sage modifications to Her Majesty's beautiful rule. The inhumanities of the criminal code must surely be rectified and that right soon.

Why, prithee googly MIT or, should the blud geoning foot pad with his blood stained cudgel hand by his neck from the scaffold while his evil brother in crime, the hideous poisoner, having best owed upon his victim a long and lingering agony, administered with a cruel relish by the most agonising toxus known to man?

Nay, these iniquities must be speedily resolved. I therefore propose that hanging be the penalty for ALL felonies. And let not our mercy stop here: that each may see the evil of his deed, let him be first furiously flogged.

Thus taught, indeed, will be not get the more gladly to the hangman's platform, before the sated gaze of the gallows' angry throng?

Moreover, it can scarcely be gain said that e'en so small a measure as this may yet reduce the incidence of crime.

Reform is needed, too, of our fiscal system. As not less than one of our political scholasts has phrased it, we have a "disincentive economy."

This may easily be rectified, I would point out, by a tax on incomes based upon a sliding scale. "Stay, worthy Baronet, I hear an impertinent cry, 'have we not this already?' Aha! lewd vessal, meddle not in affairs beyond your comprehension.

The scale that I propose will not slide upwards, as now, but rather downwards. Under the

SIR REGINALD ROGUE-BEZANT writes on how Australia can follow the trends of the modern world, drawn from the wealth of overseas experience in the furthest posts of the empire.

present system, the more a man receives, the more is snatched from off his counting tables. Wherein, I enquire, lies the incentive to win a bounteous income? The answer is plain; there is none.

Let us abolish all taxes on incomes in excess of two thousand pounds, and weight at even the scales of the Treasury by taxing the more heavily the smaller (and more numerous) incomes. The less a man earns the more he will pay.

The chronic idler who will not, or cannot, bestir his limbs to the extent of e'en six hundred pounds per annum will be compelled to apply himself a deal more vigorously to his task since full four-fifths of his reward will go to boost the sinking fund.

The man of parts, on the other hand, whose labors and those of his forbears, yield a plentiful remuneration, will not be penalised at all.

"This will each strive to better his lot: the gentleman to increase yet further his estates, the common man to keep his wife and brook from vagrancy and famine. Sure the land will become a ventable hive of industry.

"But what, good sirrah," I hear the same uncourtly cry "of the man who can not find work?" I answer, four-mouthed philistine, that he who will not work at all deserves to be imprisoned.

And so shall he be. The five States of the Commonwealth will have the lowest unemployment in all the Empire.

the poor law be improved. Our guiding principle must be to let the burden fall on those who take the benefit. How shall we finance the National Free Education?

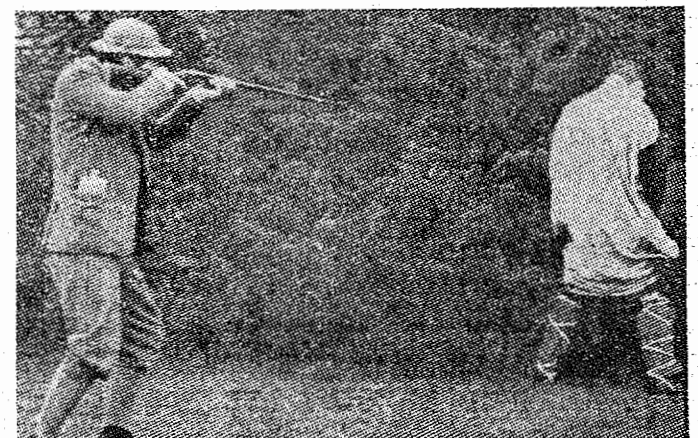
Why, b ya tax on school books, uniforms and pies, pasties, ice creams and other such tuckshop condiments. And similarly shall be raised pensions for the aged and infirm by a levy on coats, coffins and ear trumpets.

There is lately been talk of traffic congestion in each State's Metropolis. The carriages of gentle folk have been delayed in their journeys by a super fluity of other wayfarers. This problem, too, admits of quick solution.

There is in Yellowest Cathay an excellent practice to which the low born Australian and descendant of convicts should not feel too proud to lend his shoulder.

I refer to that valuable means of transport, the rickshaw. Let us clear the capitals, of all carriages save these. Any man who cannot shew a coat of arms will be liable to conscription for a twelve month's service, bearing gentlemen from their houses to their places of leisure and back again.

Dragoons or Troopers will be on hand to marshal and control the shaftsmen, who, little as they merit it, will be lodged free of charge in the work houses. The streets will be clear, the flow of rickshaws swift. Lo! the problem is no more!



Under a coolibah tree

I learnt this song from an old shearing cove whom I found sitting under a coolibah tree on the northern side of Mt Helpless in Arnhem Land. He strummed a homemade banjo he's flung together that morning from salt-bush stems, camel hide and kangaroo gut, and he wasn't having difficulty tuning it because he never bothered.

This was marvellous and extremely authentic. The sound was reminiscent of an Ozarkian mandolin and contained strains of Appalachian tuba with Aboriginal overtones to produce a musical hotch-potch quite unintelligible and awful to the bourgeois ear, yet superb to my taste.

The cove's voice was untrained and had that rough, gutsy feel about it which all folk-singers need. It was indeed a marvellously out-of-tune monotonic which delighted the plebeian ear.

The songs he sang had (obviously) just been written, and that by a coarse, guttural, filthy swagman who'd poured his coarse, guttural, filthy soul into them to make them coarse, guttural, filthy songs.

This one is no exception. It should be sung with a simple German-style banjo accompaniment preferably with a guitar. Don't bother to enunciate (or even learn) the words, never commit the fatal error of

singing in tune; by all means sing with an audience but never sing to an audience; and, above all, never entertain.

Follow this advice and you'll have grasped the essence of singing a folk song. You'll be ethically and ethnically pure, and you'll be authentic.

JUST SITTING
'Ere I am sittin' under the trees
Singin' to the whistlin' breeze;
But the times they are a-changin'
And so is me missus.
Chorus: With a hey and a nonny-nony no
Except to the girls.

'Ere I am sittin' needin' some love,
Especially as the flamin' moon's above
But there ain't clouds an' it's bloody freezin'
And so is me missus.

'Ere I am sittin' been 'ere all me life
But, bugger it all, so's me flamin' wife
Fair dinkum, I'd rather be an abo
And so is me missus.

'Ere I am sittin' singin' to the moon
Cryin' out me 'eart with this corker tune
Cricky I'm a bastard, but then 'oo cares?
Cos so is me missus.

IT'S FASTER BY SHIP

The fact that more than half of the 800 men of the 1st battalion and the 500 of their signals and logistics support units travelled by air to South Vietnam may give the impression that this method of strategic movement is preferable to transport by sea.

But is it important to remember that aircraft were used in this case because of the unilateral agreement of the Americans under which we were provided the base facilities, ice-cream, chewing gum, roast chicken, fresh lobster and Coca Cola necessary to make the battalion a happy and contented if not ineffective fighting force.

Ordinarily the bulk of our forces will always move to foreign bases by sea, as will their stores, food clothing and ammo. And sometimes there may be sound and practical reasons for this.

In Exercise Honeypot last year in the Labian Bay area, the Army tested its plans for putting two battalions ashore in a distant area, and used a support unit of nearly 24 men.

A unit of this size could well be required under operational conditions. Even for one battalion, the numbers needed depend upon what is required for that area, the intent of the operations envisaged by our far-seeing operators, and the strength of their support.

For the purposes of this illustration let us assume that the support and logistic requirements for the one battalion can for 3 hours. Under extraordin-



ary conditions these reserves would not be touched except in emergency. Consequently it is necessary to build up a further 30-60 days stocks in the base area.

For the 20 men—the 12 reserves and 8 from the 1st battalion—their equipment and the 3 dry years' reserves, the Army loading tables estimate a requirement of 15,761 tons per man, that is 53,678 tons for the lot, or an average sized load for three nuclear transport ships, each the size of that damned Melbourne. But every man must go into battle with his load.

By simple calculus with a bit of algebra and a few intelligent logarithmic primislae, it can be seen that this one aircraft operating continuously would require 6793 days 2 hours to transport the 53,678 tons of equipment. More than likely, however, Reg would want to use the aircraft on some of his re-routing gains, and so we might safely assume that minimum time in which the job could be done would be 2,000 days roughly. The Sydney took 3 days—good weather helped a bit. The Melbourne would have been quicker, but I needn't go into all that again.

But this is not the end of the story. During this 17,000 days, quite apart from the men's needs, and a man does need someone, the aircraft will re-

quire fuel for the return trip at something like 170,000,000 ozs or 80,000 lb or 40 tons per trip.

In other words, a tanker load of 55,000 tons of fuel would have to be delivered to the far shore to make the operation possible.

At the usual distilling rate of the Australian distilleries, this would be impossible. In this respect the refineries could well imitate the breweries, which, if they were turning out fuel, could supply the world's needs for seven years 382 days with one day's output.

Conclusion

The final conclusion is obvious: it is quite, so very quite impractical to plan on moving even a self-contained force from Australia to a distant operational area by using air transport alone.

I do not quote these figures in order to decry the value of air transport in modern military conditions. On the contrary Australia's adequate air transport might even play off the jester's role if taken out of the controlling interests of feeding commercialism.

Why, then, in the light of this inquiry, did not the Australian High Command send the men to Vietnam by ship? In the light of our inquiry it is evident that one row boat is equivalent to one Qantas airliner or 15 Ansett aircraft. The Sydney itself is worth its weight in gold.

Why did not, I repeat, the troops go to Vietnam by ship? Because I made one out of the two ships with troop-carrying capabilities unoperational. And there was no alternative than to use aircraft—BLOODY expensive and unrealistic bastards though they be.

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MONTE CARLO RALLY: 2nd and 4th in class, 2nd in the Coupe des Dames (238 cars entered — 35 finishers).

TULIP RALLY: 1st and 2nd overall, 1st and 2nd in class, 1st and 2nd in GT category, and Coupes des Dames (157 starters — 47 finishers).

CIRCUIT OF IRELAND: Ladies' Trophy and 2nd in class (100 starters — 49 finishers).

SCOTTISH RALLY: 2nd and 5th overall, 1st and 2nd in class, Ladies' Trophy (102 starters — 42 finishers).

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DAILY REVUE OF BUSINESS

EVEN THE GINS HAVE GONE UP

The present litigation to determine the Aboriginal wages has raised some rather interesting questions with regard to the future of the liquor trade in the Territory.

The problem has been further complicated by the Commonwealth tolerance of Aboriginal drinking habits.

Until recently, White hopes have been rising but are now almost firm (you may say frigid).

A special report on the NT liquor trade

This peak was reached as a result of the low price of Gins.

However, if black stockmen receive their basic wage these hopes are likely to fall, for when it comes to the Gin commodity that race is insatiable.

Price fixing has been suggested as a remedy, but this, on current market indications, is impossible, as the Gins low cast is an only advantage.

Until a new, smoother, silkier, more aromatic brew can be matured this problem will remain.

The Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, Mr Dungstones, reported on the emergency thus: "We had a bit of a problem with the boys on the Norwood Parade, and we'll have a bit of a problem here, but I'll handle it."

"I'm not 'Affairs Minister' for nothing, you know."

Meanwhile shares in the Gin stocks are changing hands at an unbelievable rate.

The reason is that they yield satisfactorily in a matter of laws, sometimes the minister depending on the skill of the broker.

Black and White Whisky sold slowly on the Territory exchange system yesterday as the discussion continued.

The Aborigines are still unable to afford their own drink — Black Bottle Brandy.

The situation is fast reaching a climax!



MEN IN BUSINESS

Mr Raymond Maher, it is reported, has recently been elevated to the directorship of Lightning Exposure Zippers Ltd.

Profumo Investments have recently announced an addition to their board of Directors. The vacancy of Miss Sago Davies has been well filled by Mr Ivanakeroff, a Russian investor.

We congratulate Mr Dredge Handsett on his clinching of a new deal to buy The Austrine that morning.

This started off a stream of wild speculations.

In referring to the source of the rumor, that 77-year-old newsboy, Mr Murdoch said that these young boys had a great loyalty to the paper.

It has been said that "today you will use a Dunlop product" (there's no accounting for tastes) whereas "next year might be a Good Year for it too."

How then can this confident approach be explained?

Historians will tell us that the Celts used chastity belts and that children were punished, but such allegations can hardly be taken seriously.

PERFORATED PAPER HITS NEW BOTTOM

Sorbent - Dawn Consolidated Ltd today announced that their products have reached an all time low.

Their managing director, Mr R. Soul was on a job when our financial retailer sought an interview, and could not comment. However, three fluffy kittens were available.

Their comments have been censored but we did manage to snap a photo of them scratching with a roll of toilet paper.

The directors' report shows that shares are now almost worthless and many large holdings were manually released on the floor of the exchange today.

The trouble stems from the A.C.T. who insist on constructing rest rooms

National markets

and providing their own toilet paper.

The directors urged all to appeal to their base instincts and support the industry.

Hottest tip

Broken Hill Smelters lost the best of a bad bunch at 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. Also pig iron is wearing well, though corn pads are still slipping.

Top 7 stocks

1 & 2 Only on H separates. B. H. Pee and B. Pee — a good sign for the conscientious negotiator.

3. Profumo Investments — losing a lot of their earlier form but the constant turnover has not deterred the stayers. A fair bit of give and take by the brokers is involved and so stocks continue to change hands.

Halt the budget

Consumer goods of yesteryear Were half their price today, And with the coming Budget, fear blots out the brightest ray;

For our good Harry Holt and Ming Have 'tween them schemed a plan, A crafty, sneaky, devilish thing 'twill shake the bravest man.

They plan, I hear, to finance wars And lazy useless boongs, And pensioners and Ansett laws Despite the sharpest tongues

Which protest here for day and night Advocating enterprise Supporting Ipec's natural right Denouncing Gov-ment lies.

But on deaf ears their cries do fall And prices with some luck Will only rise few quid in all

Ming couldn't give a — damn What poor wage earners such as us Go through to pay our tax.

Why don't we scream, kick up a fuss Not submit to the racks.

TAKEOVER BID DENIED

Mr Rupert Murdoch today issued a strong denial of any take-over of The Austrine by Mr Reginald Ansett of Ansett-ANA Airlines, Ansett Transport, Ansett Motels, Ansett Newspapers and Ansett Mobil Gas. The denial was issued after wild rumors flew around Canberra late yesterday.

In his statement Mr Murdoch said that the rumors had emanated from a 77-year-old newsboy who had refused to sell a copy of yesterday's Austrine to Mr Ansett.

Mr Ansett, who had offered the usual sixpence, at a press conference later that day when he discussed the implications of his acquisition of an Australian

made television network, inadvertently said that he had unsuccessfully tried to buy The Austrine that morning.

In referring to the source of the rumor, that 77-year-old newsboy, Mr Murdoch said that these young boys had a great loyalty to the paper.

It has been said that "today you will use a Dunlop product" (there's no accounting for tastes) whereas "next year might be a Good Year for it too."

How then can this confident approach be explained? Historians will tell us that the Celts used chastity belts and that children were punished, but such allegations can hardly be taken seriously.

Rubber makes final stand

The last few years have shown the rubber industry stretched to a point.

The many rubber stocks in hand would seem to be holding firm with little likelihood of dramatic collapse within the forecast period.

It has been said that "today you will use a Dunlop product" (there's no accounting for tastes) whereas "next year might be a Good Year for it too."

How then can this confident approach be explained? Historians will tell us that the Celts used chastity belts and that children were punished, but such allegations can hardly be taken seriously.

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and in the present discussion will be regarded as irrelevant.

The Reformation in the 16th and 17th centuries does not seem to have altered the position unduly and so we are virtually thrust into the 18th century, more with a bang than a whimper.

The 18th century is highlighted by the huge investment in the South Sea Bubble.

This fairly vulcanised attitude was the forerunner of the basic trade pursued by the British in the Indies, leading to extension of trading routes to the East and West.

Malthus predicted a shortage of food in anticipation of an excess of people, but he blatantly overlooked the possibility of new discoveries in the East.

And so to the 20th century where the East has been found to be richly endowed with latex, due especially to the quick adaptation of rubber plantations to the steamy conditions.

There have been many stories of their high rate of productivity, but most of these stories cease to be relevant at the "ot and feilthy" stage and are concerned with rubber only in exceptional cases.

The spunk of these English discoverers venturing into these unknown corners of the earth, was obviously not

wasted and it explains the thriving nature of the industry today.

Thus today the industry is established, and the throb of heavy industry is in our ears, and the thrust of those in the inner circles continues to make its presence felt.

Rubber boots went out with the drought (sponsored by Grant), rubber bands lose ground daily, and tyres and tubes remain perennial favorites.

The Bubble was the founder of the industry, each dynamic thrust giving rise to better and more durable products until today when the industry would seem to be at the top of its swing.

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This new issue of unsecured debentures is to pay directors' fees, court costs, interest on past loans, etc. Applications can be forwarded to West Torrens Football Club Inc, or after hours to

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But how do you get down to earth again? S'wonderful s'marvellous! made famous by Ray Coniff and his singers could be the TAA theme song. Right from the time your aircraft captain pulls back on the stick to the time you land safely at your destination TAA personnel pamper you—Our hostesses—they're the greatest, our captains—very experienced—the navigators—right on the button—No wonder the nicest way to fly is TAA.



The sorry lot and screw of a footballer

Me mate came up to me in the street t' other day and asked me whether us League footballers were really gettin' as big a screw as they all reckoned. Well, this was the golden opportunity, as we journalists blokes say, to inform not only him but the whole members of the general public the exact situation as regards our screw.

How to play a clean game

Johnny Raper has been described as the greatest little ground player in the Mighty St George Rugby team. South Australian novices to the great game may not know what we mean. Pictured

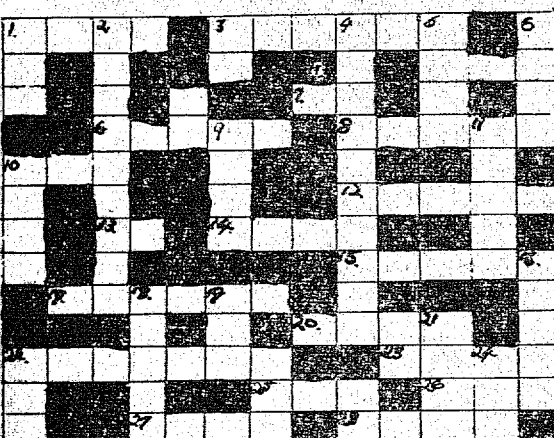


If at first you don't succeed



... try another part of his leg.

Quick crossword



- ACROSS**
- Person responsible for big Catholic families.
 - A thing many girls wish they still were.
 - Sound of contentment.
 - Half a thing that goes up and down.
 - A many mounted thing.
 - The result of being in the sport.
 - Misnomer often used referring to females.
 - Best oral contraceptive.
 - A following trailer.
 - One that wants to play and not get caught.
 - Can't help themselves in matters of bodily enjoyment.
 - Becoming obsolete with change in daily diet.
 - Pleasure resort.
 - To have, bring along.
 - All people do it.
 - Clue in 24 down.
 - It makes the world go round.
 - Result of vigorous exertion.
- DOWN**
- A dreaded disease.
 - A consequence none want.
 - Night clinics were invented for it.
 - One who would eat his pleasure.
 - New.
 - Done at many a show.
 - Valued by all with red blood.
 - One that advertises in public.
 - Many girls do it, after "knock-off."
 - A number after which most are satisfied.
 - Place for a lost weekend.
 - Sound when good result is certain.
 - Manner of reference to one down-trodden.
 - Some want money before the ...
 - A little bit, and sign of better things to come.

I will start off by categorically denying that we don't get as much a screw as every-one says we do.

Why, it's a cryin' shame that them tennis players get more'n we do. They goes off around the world, plays on all sorts of tennis courts, win all sorts of birds in frilly little things, and gets paid more per day than most of us blokes earns in a week!

Well, take a gig at us football fellers. We trains real hard on two night of a week, usually Tuesday and Thursday. Sometimes we spends three hours on the oval there, playing with each other when its gets so dark we can't see the balls we're usin'.

Then we lumbers out to the oval on Saturday arvo's and play a hunner minutes of gruelling, tough footers. We gets bashed and pumelled around, and if we gets injured, no one cares. And then on Sunday morn' we all gathers at the clubroom and them that's injured has got to be treated while them's that's okay stands and discussed the troubles and faults of the game that done occurred the previous day.

This is the average footballer's week. Through mud and slush and filth he wades on, cold and bruised, battered and beaten, watered and harassed.

And all you busy crums reckens the player, average week, gets a real

TWO FLAMIN' QUID

good screw. Think of all the disadvantages I have just mentioned.

Cold and slushy and filthy and harrissid and bruised and battered — you call that a good screw?

I calls it murder I does. Or manslaughter if youse is legally inclined to the juridical order of things. And what does this screw amount to?

Well, the average player, as far as I knows, gets two flamin' quid a flamin' match. Now aint that bloody poor.

I mean all that sweat and all for two flamin' knicker. Gawd'struth, it don't keep a man in booze and cigarettes for a week.

There is of course, certain benefits for the average footballer of course. I mean, he gets a dry-cleaned guernsey every Saturday. And he gets socks, shirts, football laces and a jock strap free.

He is also eligible to get £8 a week if after he has played 600 league games for the same club, he gets so badly injured that he is unable to keep hisself in booze and fags for a week, let alone his wife and kids.

He gets two chewing gums during matches and also a hot shower after the match. So you can see that the lot of the average footballer is no'tterribly good.

Of course there are stars in the game, and these get considerably more. Like myself for instance, I get 20 knicker for playing on Saturday.

30 pound for coaching the team per week.

I write for *The Australian* at an exorbitant rate, and have numerous television appearances and so on.

I have even opened dog shows and so on. From all these sources and a few that are a bit orf (like how many matches has Carlton won this year?) I makes me 20,000 knicker a year.

Well a comfortable living yer might say, but mind you, it's not every footballer that can do it.

I myself am a pretty tough sort of bloke, and I have got this charismatic quality to my demeanour on the field and it sort of makes it easier, almost like an insulation around me.

But you just remember, the average footballer don't make nothin', peanuts you might say.

Darling Darl Ditherish SPORTSMAN OF THE WEEK

This week we feature Darl Ditherish as sportsman (of the week). Darl, appropriately named, has leapt from obscurity into the sporting spotlight as the Darling of Victorian Football.

One of the most immediately striking things about Ditherish is that he is probably the only footballer in Australia with a gimmick.

Gimmicks are usually associated with rock and roll idols and film stars, but Darl's gimmick is one to rival them all. It is of course his long blond mop of hair which he vigorously displays with nods and jerks of the head.

This gimmick is mainly for the benefit of young girl football fans and they really appreciate it, heaping upon their Darl a fatuous canine adulation similar to that given to such world celebrities as the Rolling Drones and the Featals.

But there is much more to this ungainly, uncoordinated youngster than the luxuriantly proliferous growth above his ears, and indeed there would need to be more to justify his place today as Victoria's "hatchet man," to use the rather crude phrase.

At first I think that one should assign Darl's prodigious leaping ability to being merely an incidental aspect to his gimmick. His leaping and vigorous running all over the ground are really only designed to publicise his mane.

But Darl's true forte lies in such of the finer points of the game as the forearm jolt, the shirt-front, and that perennial favorite, the rabbit-killer.

These he executes with a professional finesse usually found only in much older and more experienced players.

Mention here must also be made of Darl's favorite, the closed-fist-punch-to-the-face, or the "smash" as Ditherish affectionately calls it. Rumors reached us recently that Ditherish did his pre-season training kick and punch their way



BRAVO!

THIS Aussie Rules, what all them Melbournians rave over, is a real tough game, but it's no effort to some of the stars. Why, with just a little arabesque or pas de deux, it's just no effort to leap up into the air and grab that I'll ole ping pong ball.

RONG BRASSIER SUMS UP TOUGH TEST IN STICKY GOING

This should be one of the most exciting games ever seen on St Hilda's Oval. St Hilda will be facing her toughest test for the season, and Roy's Fritzes' tactics for a contest should be quite fascinating.

From their attitude at training it would appear that Michael and Bubes stop going for the man though, and the slippery little rovers get going it could become an interesting clash.

I predict that Sloth Swellhorn, because of their lack of fire, will be beaten faces down.

Rollingwood v Whores — This game will have the same conclusion as the other occasions when this pair met. Rollingwood can handle players like Peck, but when penetrating towards

Richblond v Swellhorn — This game will be a walk over, with Swellhorn being beaten in every way conceivable. With players like Fronger, who is the stoutest defender I have ever seen, and can stop any shot, I cannot see how Swellhorn will even score.

for St Hilda will take the greatest beating, if Roy's Fritzes' big players can handle the sticky going.

This should be a most exciting game, and I predict that although Roy's Fritze has been the underdog, it will get up and properly screw St Hilda into submission.

stop going for the man though, and the slippery little rovers get going it could become an interesting clash.

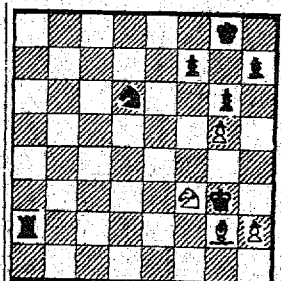
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Rarely seen in public

CHESS BY COPULETTO



Today's game is from the British Open Championships 1874, and annotations are by Gerald Sodomov, a visiting Russian competitor.

In this game White offers us an opening which is rarely seen in public tournaments (King's Indian reversed), but he may have been better served by an English opening.

On the other hand, although the Gonoca Piano and Ruy Lopez are more commonly used than the King's Indian, they both have certain intrinsic advantages, inasmuch as nearly every move achieves the fullest possible penetration into Black's territory.

In a really desperate situation it is often suggested that the best results can be achieved by the Queen's Gambit, but such a stratagem suffers

from the disadvantage that it can result in an exposed Queen.

OPENING: King's Indian reversed. WHITE: S. Wilde. BLACK: R. King. 1. P-KN3, P-QB4; 2. B-N2! An exposed Bishop! 2. ... N-QB3; 3. P-Q3, P-KN3; 4. P-K4. Pawn makes advances. 4. ... B-N2; 5. P-KB4, P-K3; 6. N-KB3, KN-K2. But White's passage is obstructed. 7. O-O, QR-N1; 8. QN-Q2, P-Q3; 9. P-QR4, O-O; 10. P-B3, P-QB3; 11. P-KN4. Undaunted Black offers a pawn exchange. 11. ... P-QN4; 12. PxP. White accepts. 12. ... PxP; 13. N-R4, P-N5. White's flank is open to an advance by Black. 14. P-B4, N-QB3; 15. P-N3, B-Q2; 16. N/2-B3, Q-B2; 17. NxN, BxNch!

A superb penetration. 18. K-R1. Black uses this opportunity to withdraw his piece. 18. ... B-B2; 19. R-QN1, R-R1; 20. B-K3, R-R7. To be more desirable for there are obvious drawbacks to any thrust from the side. 21. Q-Q2, R-K1; 22. Q-KB2, B-QB3; 23. P-Q4, FxP; 24. BxP, BxB.

Bishop threatens Queen. 25. QxB, B-R1. White's rear is now dangerously exposed to any penetration by Black Queen.

26. R-R1, P-K4; 27. Q-Q2. White Queen withdraws, and Black, rising to the occasion, seizes White's piece. 27. ... RxB; 28. P-N3, N-B3; 30. Q-BP, N-Q5; 31. Q-K3, N-B7!

White is caught. 32. Q-R7! But he seeks a Queen's exchange. 32. ... QxQ.

Under the circumstances, Black has no alternative but to accept. 33. RxC, N-Q5; 34. R-Q7, NxF; 35. RxQP, N-B4; 36. R-N2, P-N6.

White is threatened by the possibility of the Black Pawn being converted into a Queen. 37. K-N1, BxP; 38. N-B3, R-R1; 39. R-N5, P-N7; 40. RxF, R-B8ch. White's end in sight. 41. K-B2, N-Qch; 42. K-K3, NXR; 43. KxB, NXP; 44. K-B4, R-R7; 45. K-N3, N-Q3; 46. ... White resigns. BLACK—R. KING

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Are you a coward? Do you let your friends insult you and do nothing to stop them? Ah, but you say, I am a gentle man not given to violence. That, my friends, is what Neil Kerley told me before he took

RANDY'S LITTLE DANDY PUNCH UP PILLS!

Witness an amazing change in your disposition. Tell your father-in-law what you really think of him. Fly right off the handle at the slightest teeny-weensy little thing. Make the walls rattle with choice obscenities. Remember you could not give a single stinking

STUFF
what they think. They're not REALLY all laughing! [Adv]

Love me in my Ernest Hemingway Dogger Banks, Navy War Surplus (simulated) neck stretching, poly-unsaturated, non-skid shock resistant razor sharp chin itching suggestive cozing unadulterated-sex-from-every-pornographic-pore (permeated with yak grease to ensure the finest fibre in the world) King Dick sweater.

You get a lot to like with an Ernest. (Our product has the endorsement of champions, as witness the following genuine unsolicited statement by champion long distance sprinter Fred Makeyand—holder of the Outer Harbor to Sealiff Underwater Sprint Record.

Fred says: "Get that SEXY continental look, friends—all eyes turn to the well-built manly fellas."

As proof compare Marlene Grey's outline before and after wearing an Ernest. In shades of pink and blue and primrose too! [Adv]

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MARTIN

COLLINS

goes ecstatic about mundane matters

The UPs and DOWNs of being IN and OUT

A GUIDE FOR THE PEOPLE WHO CARE

No we don't mean the old in-out game.

We mean the new IN and OUT game.

It's IN to buy the Prosh Rag, but OUT to be seen perching on the birds on the Martin Collins page.

You're IN if you're off to Vietnam, but good.

But it's definitely OUT to know why you're off to Vietnam.

Kings X Whisper is OUT, Scientific American in IN, or if you're keen on pornography Winnie the Pooh is IN in Victoria.

It's IN to own a sports car if you've forgotten what the technical details are (as long as you remember where the lay back seat lever is).

It's IN to be an executive trainee, OUT to be a sales representative. It's even further OUT to be a clerk or a salesman. French letters are OUT and The Pill is IN.

And there's the new UP and DOWN game. Posters are definitely BOTH this year. Zippers are UP unless you're Ray Maher, in which case they're sometimes DOWN.

Brassiers are even further UPlifting than last year. Hair is definitely DOWN.

Pants are DOWN in some places, while at the same time skirts are UP.

It's no game for the ALFS, but to be really IN this year, and UP

at the same time you've got to be both IN and OUT and UP and DOWN.

CLERICAL CAMP

While staying in Adelaide, Martin Collins gained spiritual support from reading the Bible invariably placed in each hotel room.

In the front of the book was written some helpful hints.

"If you're depressed, read ch. 4 v. 7 John."

"If you're worried, read Revelations ch. 9 v. 1."

"If you're lonely, read Corinthians ch. 12, v. 9."

Underneath this, in effeminate handwriting, was an additional comfort.

"If you're still depressed, ringe 69387 and ask for Rodney."

Good news for all coin collectors: here's another speciality to watch out for.

The 1902 Florin, I am informed, has, as we all know, a kangaroo and an emu on it.

Predominantly male species, wouldn't you say — well, the kangaroo in some cases of the coins minted in this year has a female kangaroo on it. And what's more, the emu has laid an egg!

Our experts predict that this variety will soon, when discovered, sell for high prices, as much as 2/6d. It's certainly pays to examine all your loose change before throwing it away.

A seaman is reported to have fallen overboard from his ship while passing a point off Outer Harbor.

Shipmates reported that he could not swim.

but was going through the motions.

A 45-year-old spinster — accused of stealing two tins of meat from a supermarket — told a police court magistrate that she had never been the same since she saw a man running about in the nude.

"I have been under a doctor ever since," she is reported to have said.

The Civil Rights League in America has won a major triumph.

The Chancellor of Nashville University, Tennessee, today announced that it had decided to allow Negroes to enter the university, free from racial laws and in uniformity with President Johnson's Civil Rights Bill.

All whites were being asked to leave the university by next week, he added.

Astrid Schmidt, wife of a German Shepherd, yesterday gave birth to triplets for the second time at Soplitz in the Bavarian Alps.

This was the second set of triplets born to Astrid in the past six months.

Mother and puppies are reported to be doing well.

HIGH NOTE

Joan Sutherland, J. C. Williamson's breadwinner this season, last night hit the highest note of her career.

She accidentally backed on to a guardsman's pitch fork during the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia Di Lammermoor".

The crowd went ecstatic and gave her 78 curtain calls.

Miss Sutherland was taken to hospital suffering from loss of blood.



Upper Crust Crushed

Lovely Miss Crash Repairs, winner of the Most Industrious Woman, 1965, sponsored by the Adelaide Chamber of Commerce, gets a hand from her escort, Sir Tom Playford. Sir Tom, who recently announced his retirement from the political scene has thrown himself into that bigger ratrace, the social scene. Tom, always one for the gay life, has recently taken up ballroom dancing and is attending lectures in elocution, diction and attempting to rid himself (with some success I hear) of his unusual, but unwanted abilities, e.g. speaking through the nose. He also intends to complete his progress certificate in the near future. — See Spring Board.

Sir Tom has a target

Sir Thomas Playford is hoping lovely Miss Crash Repairs will be able to help him at the Most Industrious Women Ball.

Sir Tom hopes she will provide the springboard for something Tom has always dreamed about, but never succeeded in attaining—Social Equality with the upper classes.

Sir Bollocking Crudge-more, the only member of the Adelaide Club available for comment, rattled his copy of the "Register" and growled:

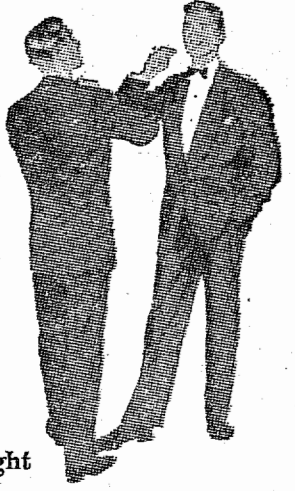
"The fellow's a pink sir. Wouldn't get into the Club 'y'know, I'd black ball him sir!"

AND figures released by the Australian Association for Mental Deficiency indicate that the average male moron marries when 21 years old. The average female moron marries at the age of six.

ANSWER TO WHO'S PEARL? ON PAGE 1

Barossa Pearl

Made only by ORLANDO



Consoling thought

The whole business of going out to zips — quick, convenient and safe, black ties or white? Where on earth have the dress studs got to? Should one walk and risk being late or take a cab and perhaps arrive too early? Thank goodness there's always the consoling thought that your new dress trousers are fitted with "Lightning-dine" is fraught with problems. Is it now and as familiar in their new role as for less formal uses.

LIGHTNING
the reliable zip
A product of the Shepherd, Maher Lightning Zip Fastener Co.

STRETCHING A PROBLEM

Migrant hostels are in the news again today. Martin Collins visited Miss W. A. Policy at the Cepps Cross Migrant Hostel, Miss Policy complained about the cramped condition at the hostel, "I can't get a stretch any time I want to," she said. Meanwhile the "Send Back a Pom Movement" gains momentum.

Yesterday's maulergram "If your child makes a replica of Pandora's Box will he find it difficult?" is answered by experimental observation.

The answer is "No — it comes easily." Professor Julius Someone Mauler lasciviously adds, "This is indeed a strange and wonderful thing to contemplate.

Think upon it when next you go to bed for this is a good time indeed for impulsive thoughts.

maulergram

Now. Do you put cream in your coffee and your tart? Then today's maulergram is for you. Pour a cup of hot black coffee and grab a tart. As you are about to put the cream in the phone rings. To keep things as hot as possible do you add the cream before you answer the phone or after?

The complete answer tomorrow; when the phone has finished ringing.

Heaven's above

A NEW DEAL — WITH GOD

MELBOURNE heard with interest the other day of Reg Ansett's latest commercial deal — this time with God.

The contract, specially prepared by a well-known firm of solicitors, was signed yesterday by Reg Ansett and St Peter, acting in his capacity as God's attorney-at-law.

Details of the contract have not yet come to hand, but I believe that in return for Reg giving a certain proportion of

his net income to the church, God will see to it that nothing happens to Reg when he passes over.

Now that this deal has been concluded, this will mean that Reg Ansett will have made history — he will be the first man to go one better than his business rival, Sir Robert Menzies.

Ansett now has indulgence from God as well as the government.

Rumors that Reg is putting in a strong bid over bid to be God's right-hand man have not yet been confirmed.



FOR THOSE WHO MISTRUST THE STARS

AIRES (The Ram) Mar 21-Apr 14: Step off on the right foot today. Hop on the left. Cha cha cha. You will not win Tats. Watch out for your mother — she will be unlucky. Today is propitious for small purchases, such as bus tickets.

TAURUS (The Bull) Apr 20-May 20: The full moon tonight rules your day. At 8.00 you will change into a werewolf and chew your neighbor's children. Be grateful for small mercies. Avoid extravagance. Love your neighbor and yourself. His children will be delicious. You will dream who won the Melbourne Cup last year. Lucky number 1 to 100.

GEMINI (The Space Capsule) May 21-June 20: Take a good look at your wife. Have a stiff drink. At 8.45 a telegram will arrive saying you have won Tats. Ignore it. It is your friends playing a joke. Go out today as creditors may call. If engaged in the world of commerce, carry cash and passport wherever you go. A dark auditor will soon cross your path.

CANCER THE CRAB (June 21 - July 22): Not a good day. High risk of infectious diseases. As Jupiter is in the ascendant you will have trouble with your capricious. Take a hint from the gemini message. Otherwise a bad day. You are however entering a good cycle and should soon have many happy periods — but not this month.

LEO THE LINE (July 23-Aug 22): Good things are in store for your today. If a female you will meet the man of your dreams. If a male you will also meet the man of your dreams. Eric Baume however is not available for either sex. You will be lucky in gambling. A new car seems headed your way. Get out of its way. Avoid poker machines, helen caterer, mrs neil hopkins and sir frank packer.

VIRGO THE WASTE (Aug 23-Sept 22): There's no hope for you — yet. With the onset of the full moon a change of life is apparent. It stresses romance and love, seduction; hables, oxalis cottage and fecundity. Go and talk to your parents and learn about the birds (and bees). Welcome their

advice if offered. Love your neighbor. Any neighbor. Not his children. Tomorrow is very propitious for extra-marital affairs. However your wife reads this column. Tough.

LIBRA (The Library) Sept 23-Oct 22: Libras are usually studious people who don't realize that life is plump pear waiting to be plucked. Grab it in both hands and don't let it go. Today you could do anything. Watch out for Sir Tom Barr Smith. Trade in your old washer on a new reconditioned appliance at God-freys and take a trip to Box Hill. Whatever you do get out of your run and into the groove. Heed traffic regulations. If entering into a contract for police uniforms for the SA Government make sure it is black and white.

SCORPIO (The Stinger) Oct 23-Nov 21: Curb that tongue of yours. Cut down on gins and martinis before breakfast. Write poison pen letters to Lady Lloyd-Jones. Speak now and if you can't hold your peace for God's sake hold your drink. Be receptive, cheerful, sad, glum, morose, sadistic,

Make voodoo doll of Sir Robert Menzies. Stick pins in it. Good day for eating children.

SAGGYTARARSE (The Sack) Nov 22-Dec 21: Control yourself. Think of your country. Do something about it. Enlist for Vietnam. Purchase own uniform and boots, write to queen and return MBE and at the same time ask to be awarded the order of the T-shirt. Resign as leader of the Conservative Party in United Kingdom. Make voodoo doll of Helen Caterer out of old blankets and stick pins in it. Get your responsibilities fulfilled early, then go home to wife and tell her you will leave her.

SPOOFY



By Frette Saw

By Nosey and Hank